

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



"I AM SURE, ANTHONY, I WISH YOU EVERY SUCCESS," SAID MISS KING.

## THE SALE OF CALLOWFIELDS.

### CHAPTER III.

"Truth is all simple, all pure; it is rigid and will bear no mixture of anything else with it."—*Lord Bacon.*

MISS KING was a lady whose age, as she was not in the peerage, could only be ascertained by an intimate acquaintance with her family history and its dates.

Her great aim seemed to be, to mystify the world

No. 1187.—SEPTEMBER 20, 1874.

on the subject; and her nephew, Anthony, who was very free from disguise on any point, and most unsuspecting of it in others, was perplexed to see, on his first introduction to her, that his aunt, of whom he had heard as an established woman in his infantine days, should have remained as stationary in her youthfulness as the waxen ladies in a hair-dresser's window.

An easy, the very easiest of lives (to such as love indolent self-indulgence), had certainly helped to

Q Q

PRICE ONE PENNY.

preserve her good looks; she had not the wrinkles of care, nor had she suffered from any of the other ravages with which the wear and tear of ordinary life destroy comeliness, so that casual observers, and those not enlightened as to the domestic annals of the King family, called her a fine woman, and could not see that she had arrived at years when to desire to be called so was very foolish indeed. She had been left with a very large fortune, which ought by rights to have been divided between her and the child of a brother, but which by the influence of Mr. Case had devolved entirely to her.

Mr. Case had a somewhat influential, and certainly a very lucrative post, of an official kind, which of itself brought him a large income; but he was believed besides this to possess a considerable property, and his reputation as a wealthy man had not been the least of his recommendations to Mr. King. All who spoke of Mr. Case unanimously testified to his high place in public esteem; he was powerful by means of his established character for sagacity and integrity; his keenness and the soundness of his judgment were proverbial.

Mr. King, whose death had occurred somewhat suddenly (and prematurely in point of age), had left him sole trustee to his daughter, and as it was to his influence she owed much of her wealth, it was not surprising that of all his clients and admirers she was the most devoted.

Accordingly, she lived by his rule in all business matters, and hardly allowed herself liberty in anything in which she had the happy privilege of asking his advice. She had not the slightest trouble in the management of her estate; by his counsel she limited herself to a certain sum annually, which he paid her, and she permitted him to invest the large surplus in such securities as he thought fit.

Every year when she went through the accounts of her possessions with him, she had the pleasure of seeing them noted down as increased, and poured forth a profusion of grateful praises for his wise and benevolent care of her.

The estate of Callowfields, concerning which her nephew Anthony had raised a question, had been recently made over to a purchaser, on what Mr. Case assured her were highly advantageous terms, and the money had been invested equally to her profit.

Miss King had been brought up under the great disadvantage of thinking entirely of and for herself—it needs very little trouble to bring any one up on this system, so agreeable to nature. As an only daughter, left motherless in infancy, she had been her father's idol, and the pains he took to show it speedily and surely made her her own idol.

She had not any extraordinary natural gifts, far from it; but if she had been better trained she would probably have been an average character, not very wise, not very estimable, not very useful, but not quite so foolish, so unattractive, and so useless, as her engrossing selfishness made her. She was not malicious, revengeful, nor knowingly capable of robbery or wrong, but so warped were her views by the one influence of self, that she serenely, nay, with satisfaction, contemplated the accumulation of her thousands, while her brother's widow pined away and died in obscure want, occasioned by the unjust will of her father in her behalf.

Her nephew Anthony was the only surviving son of her offending brother. From an early age he had

had to struggle with difficulties of a pecuniary kind, for his father had so angered old Mr. King by marrying without his consent a lady whose only dower was her intrinsic worth, that he refused to hold any communication with, or to befriend or countenance him or his children. But for the persuasions of Mr. Caleb Case, this vindictive spirit would have given way during his last illness, and he would have in some degree atoned for his unnatural severity to his son, by making at least a partial provision for him and his family.

When, on the death of his parents, Anthony saw himself adrift, as it were, on an unfriendly world, he tried in various ways to obtain a livelihood, and establish himself at least respectably. Although from the circumstances of his childhood and youth he had a very defective education, he had an aptitude for learning, and a natural aspiration for high things, that stood him in good stead, making trebly valuable such help as he obtained. He had also a singularly self-reliant character; this was not understood by superficial observers, who mistook an ingenuous preference for what he believed to be better judgment in others in business matters for an absence of all judgment in himself; but on a question of principle he was firm as a rock.

He was *real*; valued *real* things, and set little store by those that had not, to him, the ring of true metal; this reality arose from his early knowledge of the Scriptures, on which his views of things and whole character had been formed. He loved "the truth," and the truth made him free from much of the care that seekers after vain hopes are ensnared by. He was no man of business, but that arose from the defects of his training; his good will to work, his transparent sincerity, and his scrupulous integrity, excellent as they were, and well backed with good common sense, were not enough to make him a merchant like his grandfather, or a lawyer like Mr. Caleb Case.

"Go and see your rich aunt, Mr. King," said one friend after another; for he had many well-wishers, though none that were able to help him.

He had not seen his rich aunt since the days of his earliest childhood, and had no more remembrance of her than of any historical character. He did not expect that she would betray any family affection for him; but he saw no reasonable objection to going, so he went.

His visit took Miss King by surprise. His poor circumstances, instead of touching her with compunction, gave her a feeling of shrinking from him, which all his honest, straightforward manner could not remove. She dismissed him with the coldness due to a poor relation, and he left her with a fixed resolve never again to visit her without an invitation.

But Miss King had some misgivings, when he had left her, that she had not acted with wisdom. Although he was poor, he was her nephew; and as all her money and her personal attractions had failed to procure for her those relations which might have given her a direct heir, there was no doubt he, if he survived her, would succeed to the family property. Therefore his respectability was of some importance to her, and she felt a wish that he might maintain it, simply because she saw that her own was somewhat involved in his.

As her custom was, she applied to Mr. Caleb Case for advice, and he strongly urged her not to interfere with him; assuring her that she would certainly

hear of him often enough, without any overture on her part. Mr. Caleb Case wanted no interference in Miss King's affairs, and, as usual, she obeyed him implicitly, and it was very long before her nephew again attempted any intercourse with her. When he did, it was to announce to her that he intended leaving England for he knew not how long, and that he did not like to take his departure without saying farewell to his only living relative.

He had, through the kindly help of Cordell Firebrace, a connection of his mother's and his fast friend, obtained pleasant employment, sufficiently lucrative to enable him to live in as much comfort as he cared for; but having for some time feared, from its precarious nature, that it would fail him, he determined, by the study of the French language, to fit himself for travelling secretary and agent to a gentleman who had, through Cordell's influence, offered him the post.

He had so improved in appearance, and his dress was so much better, that Miss King received him with far more approval than before, and when she heard he was going abroad, her manner became cordial; for she did not doubt, though he gave no clue to his plans, that he was going away with some sure prospect of bettering his condition, and might come back a rich man.

"I am sure, Anthony, I wish you every success. I hope you will not want a friend when you come back" (this she spoke very significantly). "Rich people never want friends, Anthony. Come home a rich man, and you will soon find a welcome everywhere; and remember, 'much gains more'; so all you get will just fit you to succeed to the great King property."

Anthony was too much occupied in speculations on her youthful appearance to say much. Moreover, he was disgusted with her heartless manner and the tone of her remarks; so that he did not press on her an explanation of his true intentions—especially as she seemed to be perfectly satisfied with her own view of them, and to have so set her mind upon it as not to care to be contradicted; so he left her, as he told Mr. Case at his office, under the full impression that he was going to become a Californian or Columbian gold-digger.

His call on Mr. Case was not, however, to enlighten him as to his future, but to make inquiries as to the Callowfields estate, which inquiries had been urged on him by Cordell Firebrace.

The estate of Callowfields, a valuable though small property, Cordell was persuaded from his knowledge of his friend's affairs was not disposable by Mr. or Miss King. It ought to have descended to the old man's son, and to Anthony, his heir, at his death. All Anthony's efforts to persuade him of what seemed to his honest mind as clear as crystal—that Mr. Case could have no interest in wronging him to benefit his aunt, were as ineffectual as water-drops on marble; but he saw the hopelessness of trying to make Anthony believe what he was convinced was the truth.

"I must fight against him to fight for him," he used to say. "If Mr. Case were a little less of a knave, and Anthony were not so inflexibly honest, it would be an easier business."

Some of his family had for two generations past been engaged in foreign mercantile companies, and the relatives by whom he was connected with Anthony's mother were by birth and residence

Frenchmen. It was from them that he had learned something of the King property, and that a portion of it had certainly been settled on Mr. King's offending son, irrespective of his will and pleasure, and beyond his power to deprive him of it. Zeal for their sister's interest had led them to inquire into these affairs during her life; but after her death their efforts had slackened, and it was not until Cordell, after a long intimacy with Anthony, casually mentioned him as being so shamefully neglected by his rich aunt, that they returned to the subject, and advised him that a small estate undoubtedly belonged to him, which by bequest ought to have been made over to his father when he had attained his majority. Documents were in their hands, which Anthony's mother had become possessed of through her husband, and unless the value of the estate were swallowed up in law expenses, which Mr. Case might oblige them to incur, a fair provision there certainly was for him in it.

"Now, the thing is to make sure before we strike," said Cordell, and to do this he departed from his usual careless, rough and ready way of working, and sought to establish his friend's claim by a chain of evidence of which not a link should be wanting.

There were papers showing that when Mr. King came of age he had demanded to be put in possession of his property, but his death occurring immediately after, the claim had never been enforced, and his widow, sinking under her grief, had consigned the struggle to her relations; and with her decline and death, the question seemed to have been allowed to rest.

Yet it seemed, by the papers in question, that Mr. King had intended Callowfields for his son, and that the title-deeds, if not delivered to him, had been consigned to other hands for his benefit.

Where they lay, if not with Mr. Case, who could divine? Cordell could not; he had worked hard, had greatly tried the patience of his French relatives, and sorely exhausted his own, for the reading of their letters on the subject was a purgatorial work. Suddenly, having heard Anthony speak very highly of the abbé, and not doubting that a master was all he wanted, and that so contemptible a thing as the French language would be learned with very little trouble, he determined to take lessons, instead of any longer spelling out the letters by the help of a dictionary.

He was afraid of trusting to Anthony to translate, as he could not feel sure but that there might be particulars important to conceal from Mr. Case, if, as he suspected, he was acting nefariously in the matter, and he was very sure that gentleman would be able, by management, to get anything out of his candid, single-eyed friend. "I can't trust him," he would say to himself, after debating the question over a letter that had given him a headache.

The sale of Callowfields, of which, though it had been conducted with some secrecy, he had become aware, convinced him that speedy and decisive measures must be taken, and he was strong in hope, that putting French and English together, he should be able to gain the day.

The name of Firebrace was not musical in the ears of Mr. Caleb Case. Cordell's father had been the author of an inquiry into some proceedings of his which he had adroitly contrived to justify, while he seemed to turn the blame on his accusers; but with some it had left a slur on his character, and it had



dropped venom in his heart—for Mr. Case was not forgiving, least so when his interests were attacked.

Cordell thought that he was working with the profoundest discretion; but he was not so deep but that Mr. Case was beneath him.

If he had wanted a clue to the truth, Anthony's open statements would have been more than enough for him, but he had his eyes upon Cordell and all his doings; he knew of his connection with Anthony, and fathomed his designs, having contrived by indirect means to tamper with his foreign connections.

Judging by the rule he himself obeyed, he concluded that Cordell wanted Anthony to be enriched, that he might share in the spoils, and he laughed in his sleeve at his expectations; but a new project struck him as he was thinking over the matter, and he called to Fisher as he sat writing at his desk.

"Fisher!"

"Sir?"

"Do you understand French?"

"French, sir? No, sir, not to speak well," said Fisher, very sorry to admit it.

"Can you read it?" asked Mr. Case.

"Oh, yes, sir. I can read anything."

"Very good. I want good translations made of these papers; understand, they must be made by you, and not pass out of your hands; they are strictly private," and Mr. Case's face assumed the expression of a massive padlock.

Fisher's looked like a little padlock, as he took the papers, with his anxious bow inquiring when they were wanted.

"Not to-day. To-morrow, perhaps," said Mr. Case; and Fisher put them in his desk.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Whereunto is money good?  
Who has it wants not hardihood;  
Who has it has much trouble and care;  
Who once has had it, has despair."

—Longfellow (from the German).

"ONE, two, tree, seven, nine, thirteen, fifteen; ver goot. It is pretty leetle money; so bright, so fair! but de yellow is better, never mind if he is leetle dirty! Now I shall pay Madame Higgin!"

With more than his usual alacrity, the abbé stepped along the narrow passage, and called at the top of the kitchen staircase, "Madame Higgin, will you permit me de pleasure to *make my count* with you?"

Mrs. Higgins, who was accustomed to this mode of address, and glad to hear it, answered briskly that she would be in the parlour in a minute.

"I am two day past de time, madame; but I have wait for my pupil to pay me. I have great pleasure to present you wid one, two, tree, fifteen, dere! It is all right?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Habby, right enough, but I was going to ask you if you didn't think the first floor rooms would suit you, you should have 'em lower than any one else, and I could let these two easier than them."

"But these are suffeicient—nuff for me!" replied the Frenchman. "I cannot pay more, madame; no, I *cannot* pay more!" and he laid his hand on his heart with his usual solemn gesture.

"Oh, Mr. Habby, Mr. Habby, how can you say so, with your fortune in the bank, and never a chick nor child to look after? And here am I, a poor widow, with nine of 'em, and don't know which way to turn for a shilling!"

"You have nine chick-un-chile? What is dat?" inquired the abbé, innocently.

"Why young ones, of course, Mr. Habby; now please to consider this," said Mrs. Higgins.

"But my good Madame Higgin, dere is many young ones, or 'chick-un-chile' as you call him, of De Montmorenci; my sister has marry, and have seven chick-un-chile, and my broder is a sick man, and when I have finish *tree* thousand pound, I go back to my country, give one thousand to her, and one to him, and live wid de oder thousand myself; now you see, Madame Higgin."

"Well, I'm very sorry; I thought you was a single gentleman, and a gentleman well-to-do, a real gentleman that could help a poor widow," said Mrs. Higgins, who had her doubt of the existence of the brother and sister Montmorenci.

"Gentleman!" exclaimed the abbé, rising on his tiptoes, "have you never heard dat we are of de great Constable? He was my great—I cannot tell how much great father."

"Well," said Mrs. Higgins, not at all awestruck, "if that is all, I had a great uncle who was one of the best Charlies ever known; you might have heard his rattle from one end of the street to the other, on a still night; but I don't see it's any use bragging; what has been is no help to what is."

"Ver good, Madame Higgin, I am glad of your good origin," said the abbé, quite in the dark as to the dignity to which his landlady laid claim; "family rise and family fall, but what of dat?" he was going to finish with his usual jubilant strain, "I got two thousand pound in de bank," etc., but reflecting it would not be discreet just now, he altered it to, "I will try to speak two tree word for you to Monsieur Antoine. He will come here to-morrow, and if he change his lodging, as I tink he shall, he *may* take de room on first floor. But now I shall prepare my lesson; you will be so good to say to your chick-un-chile not to make too much noise in crying, it make me—!" and he put his hand to his head to express the confusing effect on a weary brain of a baby's doleful tooth-cutting chant of complaint.

Mrs. Higgins withdrew, disappointed, to her own territory, and the abbé proceeded to his work; the little table was soon covered with papers and copy-books, the contents of a small black leather bag, which he always carried with him in his professional visits.

"Que de travail! que de fatigue!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the dingy little heaps with something like a sigh; "n'importe; il faut battre le fer pendant qu'il est chaud—dat is meaning de same as 'make hay in de sunshine.' Ver goot, I will make de hay of one more thousand ver quick, now my pupil are many."

Taking off his coat, he folded it up very carefully, after dusting and brushing it, and laid it in his box, replacing it with a very antique *robe de chambre*, which bore evidence at the elbows of his universal talents, being admirably patched and darned.

With an occasional "pah!" and similar exclamations, he went through most of the exercises, correcting and packing them into his bag, till their number was greatly diminished, helped materially in his work by a pinch of snuff now and then.

Perhaps his day's work had been unusually heavy, for with all his good will he seemed unable to finish his task, each exercise became more wearisome, and took longer to set right; at last he exclaimed in

disgust, "Tree more! villain!" and throwing down his pen, sat back in his chair to recover himself by a long yawn.

Suddenly starting up, he went to the cupboard that answered for his buttery and cellar, and contained on the bottom shelf a little frying-pan, a saucepan, and a few cups and plates. Putting on an apron, and turning up his sleeves, he began the preparation of a favourite dish, composed of some fragments of cold fish, an egg, a few dry herbs, and a chopped onion, with less suitable seasoning, as he unwittingly sprinkled it from time to time with the snuff he took in copious pinches.

It had suddenly struck him that he had gone beyond the time of his evening repast, and that he should get through the remaining papers much more easily when he had refreshed himself with an omelette. His spirits rose as his omelette progressed, and he put it into the pan with great satisfaction, singing in a low voice little snatches of French ballads. One turn more and it would be ready, when the door opened and disclosed him standing with the pan in one hand and the fork in the other, the tails of his robe pinned up behind, and his apron hanging down low before.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" loudly laughed Cordell Firebrace, coming in without ceremony; "I'm just in time, I declare! nothing could have been more handy."

"Sare! Monsieur Fireplace!" replied the abbé, in some confusion, for he could not let go his pan without spoiling his omelette; "I am ver sorry; I make my souper; Madame Higgin make ver fine omelette, but—"

"You prefer your own cooking? Quite right, you are a sensible man; I have no doubt I should find it difficult to choose between you," said Cordell, looking at the open snuff-box standing close to the pepper-castor, and the brown thumb and finger of the abbé's right hand.

"You shall see, you shall discover!" exclaimed the little Frenchman, quite reconciled by the frankness of his visitor, and shuffling the omelette, which was now done, into the plate waiting for it, he proceeded with alacrity to fetch another from the cupboard, and placed it before Cordell.

"Not a bit for me, no, really; I have dined, and supped, and all that sort of thing," cried Cordell, earnestly; a joke was all very well, but he would have declared himself satisfied for days to come rather than touch the abbé's cooking.

"Oh, I am sorry," said the abbé, not in the least suspecting the true cause of his visitor's declining to eat; "I make it *all* myself, it is French entirely; but you would prefer—"

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all, I assure you; I could not eat anything just now," said Cordell, hurriedly glancing at the exposed buttery aforesaid, from which emanated not the most refreshing odour, owing to the lately emancipated fish.

"No, no," he added, "eat your supper; I'm sure you ought to enjoy it, for you've earned it in every sense, and that's more than many can say. I'll amuse myself with these till you've done," he said, taking out some papers, "or, if you wish it, I will call again in half an hour."

The abbé would greatly have preferred the latter, but his native politeness made him declare that he should be delighted to eat his supper in company with his pupil, the purport of whose visit he was

anxious to learn; so he took off his apron, unpinned his *robe de chambre*, put away his pan, and seated himself at his omelette.

Cordell appeared to be wholly engrossed with the papers, so that he had full time to enjoy his much needed refectation, and the table being at length delivered from all remnants and appurtenances of the meal, the abbé invited him to open his business.

"You're a very good fellow," Cordell began, as if awaking from an absent fit.

The abbé bowed, his slender little figure being almost lost in his capacious robe, which was an heirloom of the Montmorencis, and too valuable in his eyes to be curtailed of its fair proportions.

"And a super-excellent master," added Cordell.

"Vous me faites trop d'honneur," said the abbé, with fresh bows and smiles.

"Oh, come, English, if you please. French is all very well for Tony King, but you haven't brought me on to that sort of thing yet."

"I did not brought you on, Monsieur Fireplace! I can say I have done to you all my—"

"Oh yes, it's not your fault; but I've no turn for the thing. I am convinced I shall never read, write, or speak anything but English."

The abbé's countenance fell. Here, then, was a pupil lost.

"But I tell you what I want you to do," continued Cordell, "and I'll pay double for the work (though I should think anything would come easy and pleasant, instead of trying to teach me); but I will pay you like a gentleman, and none but a gentleman would answer my purpose."

The abbé's face trembled with animation and delight. Was he charmed at the prospect of high pay? He was. But was not the titillation of his heart caused by those gentle, chivalrous words? Yes, it was. He rose, made a profound bow, and, with an expression of gratified and grateful feeling, offered his open box.

"Well, it's not objectionable—taken alone," muttered Cordell, laughing as he spoke, so that the abbé did not understand his meaning. "Now, look here," he said, laying his papers on the table, "my reason for wanting to learn French was this: Affairs in which I am interested are very much in the hands of certain parties who live in your country, and are, in fact, little better than Frenchmen. Ahem! I beg your pardon; but the fact is, I wouldn't have believed that France could have turned out such a capital good fellow as you are; so you must take that against the other. Well, these people are not quite so much alive to their duty as I should like them to be, and I have my doubts about the best way to spur them on. I write to them in English, and they answer me in French. It takes me a day even now, and with your dictionary, to spell out one of their letters; and, after all, a great deal falls through that I cannot bring the dictionary to bear upon, so I can't half get at their meaning; and I dare say I puzzle them as much with my English, so a mistake between us isn't a thing impossible; and that was why I wanted to learn French, for our business is better kept to ourselves, you see."

"I see; *parfaitement*; it is plain. You must read French better, and write also French better. Ver good."

"No, but I mustn't though. That was what I was coming to," said Cordell. "You must do it for me. That's it. Understand?"

"It is ver plain. I understand. *Sans doute*," said the abbé, who, however, felt a little mystified, as Cordell saw, and he therefore went over again all he had said before, till he had put him thoroughly in possession of it.

"Here's a heap! Such lingo! and thin paper and small writing! Abominable!" cried Cordell, passing the letters to the abbé.

"Monsieur! eh! it is a long work, dis," said the abbé.

"Of course it is. We ought to be together morning, noon, and night, till the thing is settled. I don't know how we shall manage it," said Cordell, perplexed.

"Take de first floor; it is cheap; it is now open. Madame Higgin is poor widow, has nine chick-unchile, and make ver good omelette, *et je serai ravi de vous faire quelquefois la cuisine moi-même*," said the abbé, his enthusiasm not allowing him to wait for English in which to vent his eager desire for Cordell as a fellow-lodger.

"Quizzing? What about that?" said Cordell.

"It is cooking I say," explained the abbé. "I shall be so happy to—"

"What, *you* cook! No, no," said Cordell, laughing. "I'm not particular; a chop-house is enough for me at any time. I won't come upon your time and friendship for that; but I will take these rooms, for then I can see you night and morning."

Mrs. Higgins was accordingly called; and the abbé, to his own intense delight, while he stood on tiptoe, tapping the lid of his snuff-box as he spoke, and bowing with as gracious a smile as if she had been a lady of the greatest attractions and influence, informed her that she might take the card from the first-floor window, for the rooms were let to "dat highly respectable gentleman, his pupil, Monsieur Fireplace."

Before he and his pupil parted that evening, a great deal of business was done. The abbé had, notwithstanding his imperfect English, thrown considerable light on some matters which Cordell had entirely misunderstood, and he left him relieved and self-congratulating that he had so happily removed the burthen of learning another tongue from his shoulders, by the happy expedient of using the honest little Frenchman.

## SPYING OUT A WIFE.

HENRY VII AND THE QUEEN DOWAGER OF NAPLES.

IN his history of Henry VII, Lord Bacon says, rather quaintly, "When the king was very ancient (A.D. 1505), he had thoughts of marrying the young queen of Naples, and sent three ambassadors with curious and exquisite instructions, for taking a survey of hir person." The names of these three ambassadors were Francis Marsin, James Braybrook, and John Stile. It was by the permission of a descendant of this James Braybrook that the "curious and exquisite instructions" of which Lord Bacon speaks came to be published.

The three ambassadors were not to travel as ambassadors, but as though for their own enjoyment alone; they were, however, supplied with a letter from the Princess of Wales for the young Queen of Naples, so that they might get an interview with her.

Although the chief reason why Henry wished to make the Queen Dowager of Naples his wife was doubtless her large marriage settlement, yet he was not unmindful of other matters, as will be seen, for we will now quote some of the most amusing of the "instruccions geven by the king's highness, to his trusty and well beloved servants Franceys Marsyn, James Braybroke, and John Stile, shewing howe they shall ordre theymself when they come to the presence of the old quene of Naples, and the yong quene hir doghter."

Item 6. Specially to marke the favor of hir visage, whether she bee paynted or not, and whether it be fatte or leene, sharpe or rownde, and whether hir countenance bee chierfull, and amyable, frownyng or malincolyous, stedfast or light, or blushing in communication.

Item 7. To note the clearness of her skynne.

Item 8. To note the colours of hir here.

Item 9. To note well hir ies, browes, teethe, and lippes.

Item 10. To marke well the fassion of hir nose, and the heithe and brede of hir forehedde.

Item 11. Specially to note hir complexion.

Item 12. To marke hir arms whether they bee grete or small, long or shorte.

Item 13. To see hir hands bare, and to note the fassion of theym, whether the palm of hir hand bee thikke or thynne, and whether hir hands be fatte or leene, long or shorte.

Item 14. To note hir fyngers whether they be longe or shorte, small or grete, brode or narrowe before.

Item 15. To marke whether hir nekke be longe or shorte, small or grete.

Item 17. To marke whether there appere any here about hir lippes or not.

Item 18. That they endeavor theym to speke with the said yong quene fasting, and that she may telle unto theym some matier at lengthe, and to approche as nere to hir mouthe as they honestly maye, to thentent that they maye fele the condicion of hir brethe, whether it be swete or not, and to marke at every time when they speke with hir, if they fele any favor of spices, rose waters, or muske, by the brethe of hir mouthe or not.

Item 19. To note the height of hir stature, and to enquire whether she were any slippars, and of what height hir slippars bee, to thentent they bee not deceyved in the veray height and stature of hir; and if they may come to the sight of hir slippars, then to note the fassion of hir foote.

Item 22. To enquire of the manor of hir diet, and whether she bee a grete fedar or drynker, and whether she useth oiten to ete or drynke, and whether she drynketh wyne, or water, or bothe.

Besides these and other things which the ambassadors were to ascertain, they had instructions to get a "conyng paynter," that he might take a portrait of the queen. Their rather difficult mission seems on the whole to have been very well fulfilled; but it did not result in the marriage of the King of England with the Queen Dowager of Naples, for when Henry discovered, as he did from his messengers, that Ferdinand had changed the queen's marriage settlement, which was very large, into a pension for life, he gave up the idea of a union with her; and so the information that he had got as to her personal attractions was thrown away upon him.



## CURIOSITIES OF THE CENSUS.

BY CHARLES MACKESON, F.S.S.

## VII.—OUR FOREIGN POPULATION.

THE non-native part of our population is very considerable when viewed by itself or in sections, but it is comparatively small when regarded as a part of the great whole. Out of the gross population of England and Wales in 1871—more than twenty-two and a half millions—upwards of twenty millions were of English birth; nearly a million and a half hailed from the Principality; a little more than two hundred thousand came from the land north of the Tweed; more than half a million from Ireland; twenty-five thousand from islands in the British seas; seventy thousand from British colonies and the East Indies; and only about a hundred and forty thousand were born in what are termed “foreign parts,” nearly forty thousand of whom were, however, British subjects by birth although born abroad. To these literal children of the soil must be added more than four thousand luckless wights who were fortunate enough, or unfortunate enough, as their parents probably thought, and as Mr. Plimsoll would undoubtedly affirm, to be born under Neptune’s sway, either in the comfortable steamers of the popular P. and O., the noble passenger ships of Messrs. Green and the other great Blackwall firms, or more probably still in the steerage of the great emigrant ships. Practically, then, the foreign subjects resident in England numbered about a hundred thousand, of whom nearly nine-tenths were born in Europe, and nearly one-tenth in America, the fractional numbers belonging to Asia and Africa. It must, however, not be forgotten that if we were to include the natives of our Indian Empire living in England it would largely swell the number of Asiatics; but they are counted as English men and women, and we therefore proceed to look in detail at our hundred thousand neighbours from the numerous European kingdoms, and from Asia, who for the time being are living under the rule of our good Queen, although they are still regarded by the law as foreign subjects.

Taking first the ninety thousand European residents, who it must be remembered were born abroad, and are not the children of foreign parents born in London, we find that Germany contributes thirty-two thousand, or more than one-third; France nearly eighteen thousand, about one-fifth; Poland about seven thousand; Italy, five thousand; Holland, six thousand; Norway, four thousand; Russia and Belgium, about two thousand five hundred each; Denmark, Spain, and Austria, about fifteen hundred each; Sweden, nineteen hundred; and Portugal, Greece, Turkey, and Hungary, about four or five hundred each. Of the whole number the proportion of males to females is almost two to one, there being fifty-seven thousand of the former, and thirty-two thousand of the latter. Four-fifths of the whole foreign population are above twenty years of age, a striking contrast to our home-born population, in which the numbers under and above this period of life are almost exactly equal. The explanation of this anomaly probably is that the men migrate to England from other countries, leaving their wives and families behind them, as there is no reason to suppose that there is a preponderance of bachelors among our visitors. The favourite resort of the majority of these people is, as might

have been expected, the great metropolis, where, if they so will it, they can lose themselves among the myriads, or, if they have friends, can more easily arrange to live near them. Thus we find that of the ninety thousand Europeans no less than fifty-one thousand are within the London radius; the south-eastern counties take six thousand; the south-midland, two thousand; the eastern only one thousand; the south-western, two thousand; the west-midland, three thousand; the north-midland, seventeen hundred; the north-western, ten thousand; Yorkshire, four thousand; the northern counties, five thousand; and Wales, eighteen hundred. The occupations of the foreigners are classified under the same heads as those of the ordinary population; and we find, as might have been expected, that they take comparatively little part in the agricultural work of the country, their main sources of employment being either mercantile, educational, or literary, for the upper classes, and the various forms of service for the lower.

The foreign authors and literary persons stand at a thousand, but of musicians there are twice that number, and of “teachers” no less than four thousand. For each of these classes, and especially for the second and third, there is and always must be a fair field for labour amongst us. The French or German *litterateur*, even if he is but an indifferent author, can generally find work in translating books from his own language into our “vulgar tongue,” while in connection with our public offices and newspapers a skilled foreigner can often gain employment. This mode of occupation will, however, in time fail to provide even for the thousand who now live by their pens, for the increasing tendency to cast aside the study of the ancient in favour of the modern languages throughout our schools must in the end reduce the opportunities for the natives of the continent to profit by our insular ignorance.

With music the case is very different. The prevalent worship of the foreign in the concert-room and the shop is one of the standing disgraces of the country. A composer may perhaps have some chance if he sticks to his honest patronymic, although a little flavour of the Italian or German makes his wares decidedly better property; but the singer or the player very seldom appears in the concert-room or on the stage as plain Mrs. Brown or Miss Jones, and this arises from no other cause than the heresy which somehow or other has gained a place in our national creed, that an English musician is altogether below his foreign brethren. The absurdity of the idea is of course proved by the admitted ability of some of our foremost singers, who have been bold enough to keep their own names on their cards; but then they are, as a rule, even in the matter of mere personal appearance, such genuine Englishmen or Englishwomen that it would create a smile if they appeared as Signor this or Mademoiselle that. The case is altogether different, on the other hand, with a large number of mediocre artists, very respectable people in their way, who are unable thus to face the world, and who, unless they Italianised their names, would never get an engagement.

In the returns of the native population, strangely

enough, we do not find a single entry of these nomad music-makers, unless they are included among the "others" who come after the "musicians;" but in the foreign population the street musician asserts himself—and herself too; for there are three hundred and eighty-one males and forty-three females who are proved to gain their bread in this painful manner. Nor will it surprise the reader to learn that nearly the whole come from Italy and France, not a single representative of any other country appearing in the list. Of the males, King Victor Emmanuel might claim all but forty-five, and of the females all but one.

As regards the four thousand foreign teachers, we may fairly express a hope that the number may rather increase than diminish. Apart altogether from the desire of the maternal heart for a smattering of French "acquired on the continent," for her daughters, Paterfamilias sees the advantage of a more practical education than that which used to be too much confined to "the dead languages." French and German have taken their place beside, sometimes we fear before, Latin and Greek, and the probability is that considerably more than the four thousand teachers named in the census would in this age of education find employment.

The number of foreigners engaged as clergymen and ministers, or otherwise "connected with religion," is about a thousand, of whom one-fifth are Roman priests, chiefly from France, Italy, and Belgium. The number of foreigners engaged as "clergymen," or, in other words, as ministers of the Established Church, is about forty; as "Protestant ministers," forty-three. In the other learned professions we find thirty-five barristers and twenty-three solicitors, more than half being Frenchmen; upwards of a hundred physicians and surgeons, one-third coming from France, one-third from Germany, and the remainder from Italy, Poland, and Russia. Nearly all these gentlemen probably reside in England for the primary purpose of attending upon their compatriots.

The only other point worthy of note in the professional class is that there are about six hundred artists, only sixty of whom are women. France, Germany, and Italy, furnish the largest proportions to the body of painters, many of whom doubtless find ample employment among our capitalists, with whom, as was said recently with only too much truth, names go for more than artistic excellence, and who will give large sums for the merest daubs, provided they bear the signature of a well-known man. Such a fact doubtless brings a contingent of foreign artists to compete with their English brethren for the spoils of a rich field.

In the second, or domestic class, we find fifteen thousand wives and others engaged in household duties, and nearly eight thousand domestic servants, of whom two thousand are men. Switzerland contributes nearly three hundred of the men and six hundred of the women engaged in service, a result probably due to our national propensity for "the Regular Swiss Round," during which the tourist not unfrequently becomes attached to some trusty attendant and retains him for home work. No less than twelve hundred Frenchwomen and fifteen hundred Germans are among our general servants, but the number of nurses from these countries is far smaller than one would have expected, remembering the partiality which is often shown for a French or

German nurse. The French cook, or *chef de cuisine*, is apparently more rare than would have been expected, there being only a hundred and fifty members of the craft localised amongst us. Out of twenty thousand persons in the commercial class, of whom only a hundred and fifty are women, twelve thousand are seamen, or employed in some similar capacity, and six thousand are engaged in mercantile pursuits. The foreign sailors who form such a considerable item in the complements of our merchant ships, are drawn from very different countries. Norway gives us more than a quarter of the twelve thousand, Germany upwards of two thousand, Sweden more than a thousand, and France a thousand, the total being made up by men of every European country, even Switzerland sending nine of her sons, Turkey five, and Hungary two. This calculation is of course altogether independent of the royal navy, in which foreigners are frequently to be found, although many of them are simply taken on board for tropical service. The number of foreigners in the agricultural class is only four hundred, drawn mainly from France and Germany. In the industrial class more than one-third of the twenty-two thousand persons at work are employed in connection with the manufacture of articles of dress. There are nearly four thousand foreign tailors, of whom fifteen hundred are Germans, and upwards of a thousand are Poles. We have, too, a strong infusion of foreign boot-makers. The German bakers number thirteen hundred. In the indefinite and non-productive division there are thirteen thousand.

Here our brief survey of this interesting portion of these volumes must close, and here too we must conclude our papers; which, though perhaps rather overcharged with facts and figures, will not, we trust, have wearied the reader or tired his patience. In the volumes themselves there are many other openings for inquiries of the utmost interest, to which we have only been able to allude in the most cursory manner, such as the tables relative to the lunatics, the prisoners, the deaf and dumb, and other sections of our population, and for these we must refer the reader to the Reports. Of their value to the statistician it is impossible to speak too highly, as the tables are throughout drawn up with the utmost care and perspicuity; and if the perusal of these articles tends to increase the number of readers from the general public we shall be much gratified.

## THE MANDARIN'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XX.—FILIAL PIETY AND WARLIKE FOLLY.

MENG-KEE inwardly congratulated himself on the satisfactory termination of the difficult Cut-sing got into. Had he been detained, it is just possible that he might have involved the mandarin in his troubles by divulging his sympathy with the Taiping cause. In order to prevent any suspicion that the customs official or the naval officer might entertain regarding his relations with a common trader, he explained that he had furnished robes to the Board of Rites and Ceremonies, of which he was an officer. This explanation at once disarmed them of any suspicion, and they soon became on familiar terms, especially as the customs mandarin remembered seeing his visitor in that imperial bureau.

"What may have caused you, honourable sir, to

leave S  
southwa  
voice:  
betoken  
ten year  
"Ven  
Yang-ch  
soon de  
our ance



consolid  
permissi  
"The  
sententi  
by the  
'Filial  
which i  
Also th  
Empero  
and fra  
perform  
trine f  
justice,  
kind.  
surely  
parents  
in arm  
cold, th  
their p  
and stu  
were jo  
wept;

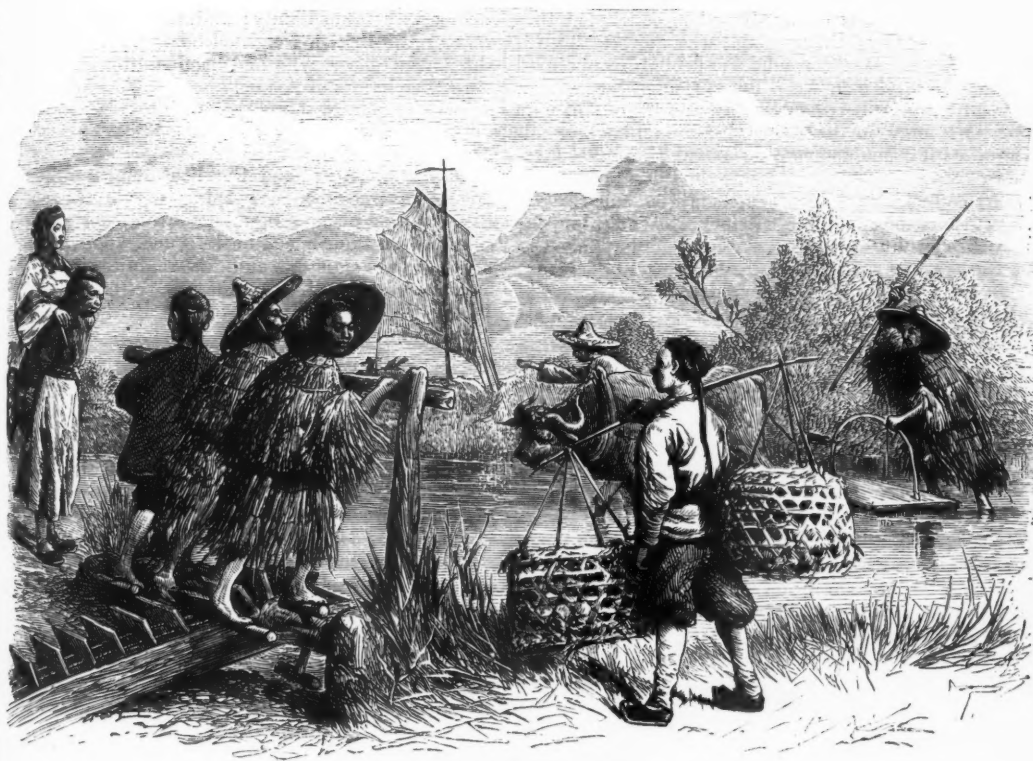


leave your post in these critical times, to journey southwards?" inquired that official in a grave tone of voice: his grizzled queue and wrinkled features betokened him to be bordering on threescore and ten years.

"Venerable sir! I heard from my relatives in Yang-chow, that my aged mother was ill, and might soon depart this life to mingle among the shades of our ancestors. I therefore deem it my duty to aid in

moved; who, when they were sick or in pain, refused food or sleep on their account. Thus were they nursed and trained till they grew up to manhood."

Although Meng-kee had long discarded the worship of ancestors and other superstitious tenets connected with the so-called religion of China, as expounded by the ancient sages, yet he revered in all its axioms the moral doctrine of filial duty which they inculcated. Indeed, it is so much in accordance with the



CHINESE PEASANTS IRRIGATING FIELDS.

consoling her on her death-bed, and have obtained permission to proceed thither."

"Thou speakest well!" responded his questioner sentimentously. "Remember the maxim laid down by the immortal sage Kong-foo-tsze (Confucius): 'Filial duty is the root of virtue, and the stem from which instruction in moral principles springs forth.' Also the first of the sacred edicts promulgated by the Emperor Kang-hee: 'Be strenuous in filial piety and fraternal respect, that you may thus duly perform the social duties.' This filial piety is a doctrine from heaven, the consummation of earthly justice, the grand principle of action among mankind. The man who knows not piety to parents can surely not have considered the affectionate hearts of parents towards their children. When still infants in arms, hungry, they could not feed themselves; cold, they could not clothe themselves; but they had their parents, who watched the sounds of their voice and studied the traits of their countenance; who were joyful when they smiled, afflicted when they wept; who followed them step by step when they

divine commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land," that it will be acceptable to every sincere Christian. Accordingly, Meng-kee listened to the homily of the worthy mandarin with becoming respect.

"Are you travelling alone?" he inquired further.

"My daughter accompanies me, honourable sir, and she will be glad to pay her respects to you if you would deign to visit our humble boat."

The commander of the gunboat, who had paid but little attention to the grave conversation of his colleagues, pricked up his ears on hearing that there was a lady in the newly-arrived boat. He was a young man of rather a dashing appearance, evidently priding himself upon the gay uniform he wore. It must not be supposed that in shape and decorations it differed from those worn by officers in the army, for the two services in China are so amalgamated that the commanders of the land forces have sometimes authority over naval forces, and naval commanders over land forces. Consequently, there is no distinction in uniform, and it frequently happens that a

naval officer is a more efficient soldier than a sailor, while sometimes, indeed, the commander-in-chief of an army belongs to neither of these services, but holds his appointment as the governor of a province, with his literary degree from the Hanlin examinations. Such is the anomalous rank of officials in China, which fairly puzzled the early Portuguese to classify according to European usage. Hence they adopted the general term "Mandarin" (from mandar, to command) for all government officers, so used by foreigners to this day.

Judging from his strut, Meng-kee concluded that the commander of the gunboat was more of a military than a naval officer, who was probably appointed on special service to keep an eye upon the foreign troops travelling between Peking and Tien-tsin. Be that as it may, he welcomed him and his elder colleague with great courtesy on board the passenger-boat.

Loo A-Lee was taken somewhat by surprise on the entrance of these two officials into the cabin, for she feared that something wrong had happened to her father. He soon, however, dissipated her fears by recounting what had occurred at the station, and the departure of the other two boats. She expressed herself in choice terms to her visitors, and, as the morning meal was just preparing, invited them to partake of the humble fare on board, which was politely accepted.

"Do you visit these 'barbarian' troops at Tien-tsin on your way to Yang-chow?" the gallant officer asked Meng-kee, after he had done justice to the fish, fowl, and rice served up.

"No, I think not. Unless we require some comforts for my daughter at that town for the remainder of our journey, we will not visit the place, but ascend to the entrance of the grand canal."

"You are right; and I am sure your fair daughter would not wish to look upon these Fan-kwei."

This term, which does not sound very polite when translated for foreign ears, brought a blush to the cheeks of Loo A-Lee. The blush was observed by the gallant commander, who, misinterpreting its purport, addressed her.

"Hi-yah!" he exclaimed, "you may well blush at the name of these outside barbarians, who have brought disaster into the land, and dishonoured the name of our late emperor. Ah! if the generals had only taken my advice, not one of these redcoats would have landed alive. We could have had all our gunboats ranged along the shore, five hundred in number, so that not a boat with troops could pass between, and as these came on we would have swept them into the sea, leaving not one alive. Ah! if I was only a commander-in-chief, even now I could drive the boasting cowards out of Tien-tsin. Let them come on. I could kill a hundred with my own hand in battle. Let them come down the river, and I would blow the rascals out of the water like—"

Here he suddenly stopped in his valiant speech, as he rose to show how he would annihilate the enemy, when his voice was arrested by hearing the sound of a brass band spreading its martial music over the murmuring waters. On looking up the stream there he saw approach a line of boats filled with British soldiers, whose bayonets glittered like a forest of steel in the morning sun. It was a stirring sight, and sent a thrill of delight through A-Lee's heart; but it had a very different effect upon our Chinese Captain Bobadil, who took his departure suddenly, and was

followed by the customs official, who excused himself that he had his duties to perform.

On came the boats in gallant array, the blast of trumpets and the roll of drums increasing as they passed the station. Meng-kee observed that the duties performed by the officials were to make obeisance in the most humble form, and to bang away at their gongs in token of respect to the much-hated foreigners who had conquered their army and navy.

As it was not judicious to remain longer at this place, Meng-kee gave orders to the boatmen to get under way immediately; and they followed in the rear of the British-freighted boats, to the chagrin of the dandy officer, who had been smitten at first sight with the charms of A-Lee.

#### CHAPTER XXI.—JOURNEYING ON THE GRAND CANAL.

LOO MENG-KEE ordered the boatmen to follow the flotilla of troop-boats, keeping within view of the last one, and on no account to attempt to pass them should even their speed be lessened. He knew that the Taiping emissary and his recruits were ahead, and he had no desire to come into contact with them. By keeping in the wake of the British transports until they reached the junction of the Grand Canal with the Peiho, their boat could pass the western suburb of Tien-tsin unnoticed, at which place he expected Cut-sing would be waiting for him.

The weather continued fine throughout the day, and the breeze became more favourable, so that the boats sailed along swiftly, reaching the junction early in the afternoon. Here the flotilla dropped their sails, and the boats were rowed easterly to the city, while that of Meng-kee sailed westerly, and in a few miles entered the famous Grand Canal, which intersects four of the most fertile provinces in China, from north to south, over a distance of 650 miles.

After passing a bridge of boats, an extensive prospect of the country on both sides opened up to view, as the level of the canal is several feet above the surrounding plain. Here a very laborious method of irrigation is adopted by dipping buckets into the canal and throwing the water into a tank, from which it is carried along small channels into the adjoining fields. At some places where the banks are high, two tiers of labourers may be seen drawing and pouring water into the tanks.

While the wind was fair it was extremely pleasant sailing along the canal for the first ten or fifteen miles. Not only are the banks in fine order and beautifully sloped, but in many places well wooded, which gives a pleasing variety to the otherwise monotonous landscape. In contrast to this is the ruinous appearance of the towns and villages by the way. The houses are built of mud-bricks dried in the sun, and plastered with clay and straw, giving them a poverty-stricken appearance.

As they reached a village named Pa-tow, the wind seemed to have suddenly shifted right ahead. It was not so; but in consequence of the canal being tortuous at this place—the channel of a stream having been taken advantage of in its construction—the boat had to wind round the reaches, making the distance more than double by water what it is by land. Here there were a number of boats starting in company; the boatmen, having disembarked, attached a long rope to the top of each mast, and marched along the right bank in single file, chanting songs to help them to keep time. Some large boats filled with produce

had as much  
opposite  
ing north  
scene on

The i  
fined th  
a more l  
tions a  
ing the  
criminat  
the yoke  
hold turn  
labour a  
remarka  
birds the  
Chinese  
they free  
to be po

At len  
arrived s  
a small l  
main ch  
This was  
Chinese  
to call u  
the subu  
east ban  
of a onc  
cause of  
Taiping  
and leve  
sacking  
example  
on by th  
of Great  
the conte  
his feelin  
himself,  
Christian  
deceivers  
tion som

The b  
tsing, M  
embark  
their jou  
inferior  
the bette  
districts  
eyes to c  
the peac

After  
the cana  
resting t  
one trac  
land, an  
seen gr  
especiall  
cotton-fie  
were em  
have hu  
weight,  
white bo  
part of C  
animal  
smooth l

On th  
produce  
power is  
a canal l  
as a spr

had as many as twenty men tracking them. On the opposite bank another string of boats were proceeding northward, altogether presenting a very animated scene on the Grand Canal.

The inhabitants of this region are much less refined than in the more southern provinces, having a more boorish aspect, and their agricultural operations are performed in a ruder manner. In ploughing they use horses, mules, asses, and oxen indiscriminately, and occasionally women may be seen in the yoke. Sometimes the whole live stock and household turn into the field to plough, man and beast doing labour alike. Otherwise the absence of animal life is remarkable. There is no game to be seen, and of birds the magpie is the only kind that abounds, the Chinese having a superstitious regard for them, as they frequent the tombs, and thereby are supposed to be possessed of the spirits of their ancestors.

At length the boat with Meng-kee and his daughter arrived safely at Lin-tsing, where the canal bifurcates; a small branch leading to the south-west, while the main channel proceeds in a south-easterly direction. This was once a fine old city of the third order in Chinese topography, but when the mandarin landed to call upon some friends, he found it a mass of ruins, the suburbs, which extend for two miles along the east bank of the canal, being the only habitable part of a once flourishing town. On inquiry as to the cause of this destruction, he was informed that the Taiping rebels had captured it some years before, and levelled it with the ground after burning and sacking the shops and houses. This was the first example he had seen of the desolating warfare carried on by the army of the so-called "Heavenly Kingdom of Great Peace," whose cause he had espoused, and the contemplation of the ruins gave a great shock to his feelings. "If this be the manner," he said to himself, "in which they spread the doctrines of Christianity and peace, then are they hypocrites and deceivers. I must wait, however, until I can question some of the chiefs upon this matter."

The boat having been hired only as far as Lin-tsing, Meng-kee and his daughter had to disembark and hire another for the remainder of their journey. Here the passenger boats were very inferior to the one they had left, as the owners of the better class did not care to venture near the districts occupied by the rebels, who had always an eye to comfort and luxury in their depredations on the peaceable inhabitants.

After a day's rest they resumed their voyage on the canal where it intersects a country more interesting than what they had hitherto traversed. In one tract extensive cotton plantations covered the land, and in another large flocks of sheep were seen grazing on the pasture. Whole families, especially the females, were everywhere busy in the cotton-field picking the cotton-wool, while the men were employed in shearing the sheep. These animals have huge flat tails, three, four, or five pounds in weight, and many of them with black heads and white bodies. There is also a curious hybrid in this part of China between the sheep and goat, where the animal sheds its wool annually and exhibits the smooth hair underneath.

On these extensive plains the mode of carrying produce by land is curious, where the propelling power is the wind, and the vehicle an adaptation of a canal boat with sails. Some of them are as large as a spring-cart, but with only one wheel in the

middle, the sides being so finely balanced and loaded that they do not topple over. The sail is hoisted on a mast in the forepart of the vehicle, and is so rigged as to be raised or reefed at pleasure by the steersman, who walks behind with the braces attached to a hook by his side. There is an immense strain upon him when he has to guide the vehicle according to the velocity of the wind. Nevertheless they will carry six heavy bales of cotton, or more than half a ton of bean-cake, on one machine.

Through this fertile region Meng-kee and his daughter sailed smoothly and rapidly along the Grand Canal for two days, passing some flourishing cities, which the Taipings had not visited, until one morning the monotonous level of the landscape was broken by the appearance of a low range of hills to the south. At the base of these hills ran the famous Yellow River, which has been fitly designated "China's Sorrow," from the devastation caused by its floods upon the surrounding country through which it passed formerly on its lower course to the Yellow Sea. Even that course has recently changed, and a new outlet has been formed in the Gulf of Pe-che-lee by this most erratic and devastating stream. From time immemorial the character of this river has been the burden of the ancient sages and princes, in their lamentations of the people's sufferings.

It was with some difficulty, and no small degree of danger, that their boat was taken across the turbid torrent of the river. In order to effect an entrance to the canal on its southern bank, the boatmen dragged their craft some distance up the stream, then re-embarked, and guided it over with their powerful sweeps to the opposite side, where the current was least felt. While crossing, Meng-kee was impressed with the mighty volume of water in this river, which has been compared to a yellow dragon monster eating up the land along its course.

At length they arrived safely at that part of the canal where it joins the greatest of all the Chinese rivers, the famous Yang-tsze Kiang. However, as Meng-kee's destination was some twenty miles distant from that point, they disembarked from the boat, settled with the boatmen, and proceeded by land to Yang-chow, in one of the clumsy vehicles of the district.

This was the native city of Meng-kee, where he had been educated in the Chinese classics, by which he obtained his degree at the triennial competition in the provincial capital, that qualified him for his government post at Peking. Many years had elapsed since his previous visit, and great changes had come over the surrounding country from the incursions of the Taipings. He knew that they had attempted the capture of Yang-chow, but were driven off with great slaughter by the imperialist forces. Still he was anxious to see if the town had suffered much during the engagement, and it was with no small feeling of satisfaction that he beheld the pagodas and campanile towers appearing uninjured as they rose above the crenellated walls illuminated by the rays of the setting sun.

At the city gate the mandarin and his daughter left the vehicle, and hired sedan-chairs and porters to convey them and their baggage to the home of his aged mother. It was no false excuse on his part to have obtained permission to visit her on account of serious illness, for he had received letters from his relatives stating that his widowed mother was on her



death-bed. As he neared the quarter of the city in which she dwelt, his heart throbbed with emotion at the possibility of being too late to see her alive. When the chairs stopped at the gate of the family mansion he felt reassured, as he did not see the usual announcement of a death in the house, by a tablet suspended at the door-post inscribed with the name, age, and honours of the departed.

The mandarin embraced his beloved daughter as he led her towards the inner chambers, which she had left when quite a child with her mother, who had died at Peking not long after their arrival there. "Welcome, my child!" he said, "to the home of your ancestors; and although our faith is changed from theirs, yet it is incumbent on us not to disturb the family harmony by disputing with our kindred on the occasion of our visit."

"Dearest father," she replied, "I will obey you in everything."

At the threshold of the inner apartments they were most cordially received by the families of Meng-kee's two brothers, who inhabited the family mansion, of which his mother, on her sick-bed, was still the acknowledged superior. This is one of the apparently anomalous customs in China, where females generally hold a degraded position, but it is based upon the ancient patriarchal communities, where the eldest bears rule.

Father and daughter were ushered into the sick-chamber, where the octogenarian lady lay propped up in a stately bedstead; her withered features and glassy eyes scarcely giving indications of life, certainly not of recognition, as they knelt before her and spoke some affectionate words. She herself had been speechless for some weeks, and it was evident that the vital lamp would be soon extinguished.

## THE NEW WORLD AND THE OLD:

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATIONS OF EUROPEAN ANTIQUITIES.

BY PRINCIPAL DAWSON, LL.D., MONTREAL.

### IX.

IT is a remarkable fact that all our researches on the site of Hochelaga have disclosed so few relics of the trade and intercourse which existed between the nations of distant parts of America, and of which we shall see we have evidence in the narrative of Cartier, as well as in the objects found elsewhere. In the burial mounds of the Hurons, for example, Wilson and Taché found specimens of the *Pyralis* of the coast of Central America, brought all that distance as objects of superstitious veneration or of national pride. In an Indian grave at Brockville, west of Montreal, I have already mentioned the existence of a necklace made of pierced shells of *Purpura lapillus* from the New England coast, and of ring-shaped beads of native copper from Lake Superior. Thus the East and the West had been made tributary to the grandeur of some chief or Indian lady. Schoolcraft mentions that the *Dentalium* of the Pacific coast has been found as far east as Lake Superior. Pearls from the coast of California occur as far east as the Ohio, and copper and silver from Lake Superior were carried to Mexico and the Gulf States. The Manatee or Dugong of tropical America figures as an ornament on the pipes of the Ohio, and the Mica of the Apalachian mountains was distributed

throughout the Mississippi valley. Of all this Hochelaga shows little except a few copper beads, and, besides the two small pieces of metal already referred to, nothing of the numerous tools and trinkets left by Cartier himself. Yet one of these fragments—the little piece of brass mentioned in a previous paper—may have been a part of one of Cartier's crosses which it is not unlikely were cut up into small pieces and distributed to different persons, or disposed of in trade with less fortunate tribes. This absence of evidence of commercial intercourse may be accounted for in one of two ways. At the time of Cartier's visit the people of Hochelaga, owing to the hostility of the Hurons on the west, and of the Iroquois on the south, were very much isolated, and may for a long time have lost the intercourse with foreign nations which they had once enjoyed. Changes of this kind tending to isolate tribes, often reduce them to great scarcity or absolute want of foreign commodities, and may account for such remarkable differences as have been observed in this respect between the people of the older and more recent Palæolithic ages in Europe by Dupont and others, the oldest European race being evidently better supplied with foreign objects than that which succeeded it. Again, at the destruction of Hochelaga, its treasures may have been thoroughly plundered by the conquerors, a fate which has no doubt befallen many of the old haunts of primitive men in the Old World.

I fear such considerations are too often overlooked by observers who study such remains, and who may reach the most opposite results from the investigation of different localities occupied contemporaneously by tribes in precisely the same stage of civilisation. Thus of three or four sites occupied by different sections of a tribe simultaneously or at times not very remote from each other, one may have been destroyed and plundered by an enemy; another may have witnessed the hurried manufacture of a quantity of rough weapons for an emergency; another may have been only abandoned from slow decay. Each of these would be so dissimilar from the others that it might be regarded as having belonged to times remotely distant.

But a careless or too enthusiastic antiquary might commit still graver errors of this kind. A village like Stadacona or Hochelaga had its outlying stations. Its pottery would be made at some clay-bed, probably distant from the town. It must have had its mines or quarries of flint and other useful stones perhaps far away within the confines of friendly tribes on the Ottawa. Its hunting and fishing parties had their places of resort, where in spring, autumn, or winter, they may have spent weeks together in the pursuit of particular animals requiring special kinds of tackle or weapons. Many tribes on the sea-coasts had their summer stations near to oyster-beds, on the produce of which, along with sea-birds and fish, they subsisted during a part of the year, though we know that in winter the same tribes dwelt inland, and hunted deer and other large animals. After the extinction of the tribe these different stations would present the most diverse appearances. One would yield a great collection of mis-shapen and half-made implements, difficult to understand, and rude and primitive in aspect. Another would apparently be the shelter or station of a tribe provided only with implements for hunting, and leaving behind it abundance of the bones of deer and other large game. Another would show a

people l  
entirely  
would p  
kettles o  
Another  
of oyste  
opening  
the as  
pottery,  
people.  
ologists  
these dif  
fact that  
to some  
that the  
monume  
of men  
America  
from the  
their fan  
judgmen  
Even  
are not  
immense  
enabled  
of fishes  
appropri  
many p  
agricult  
a hunter  
to the in  
for the  
must nee  
to the se  
he dwell  
of birch  
property  
house an  
a tobog  
celebrat  
converts  
the peti  
which, M  
on the  
is no m  
very pro  
were gif  
more th  
adepts i  
art of  
geograph  
and ma  
widely c  
and to  
reason f  
Another  
extinct  
in his e  
they ha  
wood to  
determin  
on an e  
food for  
forty m  
intende  
and obl  
could b  
Similar  
Canadia  
execute

people living solely on fish, and with implements of entirely different form, and mostly of bone. Another would present gouges for tapping maple-trees, and kettles of pottery broken in the boiling of sugar. Another on the coast might show little beyond heaps of oyster-shells, and a few of the stones used in opening them for use. The main town would have the aspect, in its kitchen-middens and stores of pottery, of the settlement of a far more advanced people. I do not say that all of our modern archaeologists have failed to appreciate the meaning of these differences, but it is impossible to overlook the fact that many of their researches have been vitiated to some extent by neglect of considerations so simple, that the most ordinary observers of the prehistoric monuments of America scarcely think them deserving of mention. It must, however, be confessed that American writers also, taken by the infection wafted from the Eastern Continent, have sometimes allowed their fancy in such matters to get the better of their judgment.

Even among hunting tribes, culture and the arts are not wholly dormant. In the ancient Acadia the immense abundance of deer, water-fowl, and fish, enabled the Micmac to live in plenty on the produce of fishery and the chase, each season having its appropriate animal, while the rocky character of many parts of the country was not favourable to agriculture. Hence the Micmac was almost wholly a hunter, and the arts of life had reference mainly to the implements for the chase, and for fishing, or for the preparation of meat and skins; and as he must necessarily move from place to place according to the seasons for different kinds of fish and game, he dwelt in tents, or wigwams (his *oik* or *wick*), made of birch bark, and could easily pack his family and property in his bark canoe, or transport his whole house and furniture on the backs of his party, or on a tobogan drawn over the snow. Mamberton, a celebrated Micmac Sachem, and one of the first converts of the French missionaries, when taught the petition, "give us this day our daily bread," which, by the way, was practically a mistranslation on the part of the missionaries, objected, "Why is no mention made of our fish and venison?" and very properly, since these two in his former creed were gifts of the Great Spirit, and were to him much more than bread. Yet the Micmacs were not only adepts in the more delicate and difficult parts of the art of chipping flints, but, as we shall see, were geographers and travellers of no mean intelligence, and made their name and power known and felt widely over the American coast, both to the north and to the south, and this, perhaps, just for the reason that they were hunters rather than farmers.

Another illustration may be taken from the now extinct Red Indians of Newfoundland. McCormick, in his expedition to discover this people, found that they had built across the country long fences of wood to arrest the migrations of the reindeer, and determine them to certain points where a deer battue on an extensive scale might give them a supply of food for months. One such erection he traced for forty miles across the country. It appeared to be intended to force the herds of deer towards a lake, and oblige them to take to the water, where they could be easily killed by the natives in their canoes. Similar plans were used by the Indians on the great Canadian lakes, though it does not appear that they executed so great public works to contribute to this

end as the Red Indians. I may add, that in the Hudson's Bay districts, immense numbers of cariboo are killed in the spring when crossing certain rivers, where they are waylaid by the natives. Such facts serve to explain some of the deposits of bones of the reindeer found in France. When, by such means as those above mentioned, a tribe had succeeded in killing several hundreds or thousands of deer, there would not only be a great feast and much cracking of marrowbones, but a long time would be occupied in drying and preparing the flesh and skins, and working the antlers up into implements. In these processes multitudes of flint knives and scrapers would be used, and when the tribe left the place, a deposit of remains of the reindeer period would be left. This might recur year after year at the same place, till the tribe might be driven from the country by some enemy, or till the deer became exterminated, or were obliged to migrate in some other direction. At other seasons of the year the reindeer hunters might be living as fishermen, on the coasts, or even as farmers, in particular valleys. Even if the people in question were merely rude hunters, they could not have lived on reindeer all the year, and must have left elsewhere deposits indicating their mode of life at the seasons when deer could not be had.

I may connect these illustrations of perished arts with a reference to a now obsolete implement—the grooved hammer, noticed in a previous article of this series. Such hammers were the common tools of the ancient copper miners of Lake Superior. Evans informs us that they are found in ancient copper mines in Wales, also in Staffordshire and in the north of Ireland, and in Scandinavia, as well as in ancient mines in Spain and in Saxony. They also occur in the old Egyptian turquoise mines of Wady Meghara, in Arabia. In North America they are not limited to the mining district. I figure a specimen with its handle of tough wood and raw hide (Fig. 30), as now, or lately, used by the Avicakees, a people of the western prairies. Morgan, from whom the illustration is taken, states that it is used to drive stakes, and for cracking buffalo bones to extract the marrow. I have seen similar hammers

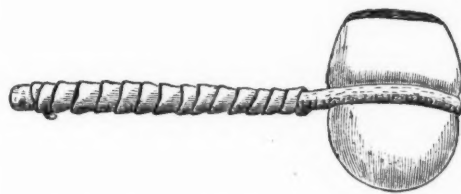


Fig. 30.—GROOVED HAMMER WITH HANDLE OF WITHE AND THONG, AS USED BY AVICKAREE INDIANS FOR BREAKING MARROW-BONES OF BUFFALO. From a paper by Morgan, in the Report of the Regents of University of New York.

brought by Mr. Bell, of the Canadian Survey, from the country of the Dakotas or Sioux and other western tribes, who constantly use them for breaking marrow-bones of the buffalo. Thus, the grooved hammer may be equally a relic of the civilised Egyptian or Alleghan miner, or of the rude hunter of the plains. But, even in the case of the latter, it may not be a token of absolute barbarism. The American hunter does not merely use it to break bones, that he may at once devour their marrow. On the con-

trary, he often breaks up the marrow-bones of his game, that he may refine and preserve the precious oil for future use, or may employ it as an ingredient of his carefully prepared pemmican, which is his dependence in his long journeys, and one of his most valuable sources of income. As he says, the agricultural white man may have plenty of bread, but he is "hungry for buffalo meat," while the Indian, with plenty of pemmican, may be "hungry for bread," or may be desirous of the goods of the European trader. What if some of the old cave men of Europe were not merely savage gorgers on flesh and marrow, but industrious preparers of pemmican, for future use or trade, and if the caves were their temporary workshops at the season of preparing this valuable product, and the implements therein their knives for cutting up the flesh, their hammers for breaking the bones, and their bodkins and needles for sewing up the skin bags in which it was finally put up for the markets of the Stone age. If we take this view, so accordant with American analogies, it will explain why the greater part of the chipped bones in many cave deposits bear no traces of cooking; and will relieve the cave men from the suspicion which has been cast upon their memory, that they habitually ate raw venison.

In a previous article I referred to the old quarries of flint in the Flint Ridge on the Ohio, and to the mines of the ancient Alleghans in the copper districts of Lake Superior. These mining arts, like the agriculture of many of the more settled tribes, have become lost to the modern Indian, and in the case of his flint mines, even to the white men who have succeeded him, and who, while they have at a comparatively recent time reopened his copper mines, have found that in all the more important of these they had been anticipated by the Indians. In like manner there are obsolete mines of the flint age in Europe. Evans describes those of "Grimes Graves" at Brandon, where 250 flint mines have been found. They are shafts sunk through chalk, in some cases to the depth of thirty-nine feet, to reach a layer of specially good flint. Galleries had been run out from them horizontally in this layer. The miners had worked with picks and chisels of deer's antlers and of basalt; and the traces of their sagacious industry are now only traditional "graves" to the agricultural peasants who have succeeded them. Still more extensive ancient mines of the flint period exist in Belgium. That the men who made these excavations were industrious and ingenious we cannot doubt, yet their flint knives and arrows are to us the indices of a still ruder stage of humanity than that to which we would refer their antler-pointed picks and basalt chisels. It should perhaps somewhat moderate our pride of higher civilisation when we find that, with the exception of a few "flint jacks," we have not only lost the art of fabricating the beautiful chipped implements of the flint age, but that throughout the east, and even among the peasantry of western Europe, they are, when found, regarded as the work of supernatural beings; and as "elfin bolts," and under other names, have strange talismanic virtues ascribed to them, at which their ancient makers would have smiled. Still, these fancies have a venerable origin. Among the flint folk themselves a flint-headed arrow was a type of efficiency, as compared with one tipped with bone, horn, or

hardened wood. Hence, in the traditions of the Micmaes, as collected by Mr. Rand, and in old Norse Sagas referred to by Nilsson, it is always a flint arrow that is used in slaying the giants and other monsters of their tales. Such stories would readily, after flint weapons fell into disuse, lead to the belief in their magic powers; nor is a great lapse of time necessary to effect such results. Already, in some districts of America, the Indian has so lost the tradition of the arts of his ancestors, that when questioned as to their implements he says the Great Spirit alone knows by whom and for what they were made.

Thus, even if we confine our attention to the one subject of lost arts, it can be shown that changes, many of them tending rather to degradation than to elevation, have taken place in America since its discovery, which are comparable in amount with those extending in Europe from the Palæolithic age to the present day. That they occurred as rapidly in Europe I do not affirm, yet there is no good reason to doubt that many of those diversities to which vast periods have been assigned, were either not successive, or required for their production times not much greater than that which has elapsed since the voyages of Columbus. It may be asked, If this is so, what reliance can be placed on archæological investigations? I answer, Much, if observers will carefully study facts, and compare them with their modern analogues, and will avoid hasty generalisations, and the common error of making the facts conform to preconceived hypotheses. Geologists require also to learn that the methods which apply to the succession of formations, in which we have to do only with physical causes, and with the structures and instincts of irrational animals, will not suffice when we have to deal with the results of the many-sided intelligence of man, which, even in his most primitive and rudest states, gives him a god-like supremacy over many external conditions to which mere animals succumb, and vastly complicates all his relations to nature.

## Sonnets of the Sacred Year.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

### SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"Friend, go up higher."—St. Luke xiv. 10.

THERE is a valley 'neath th' imperial height  
 T' the spiritual land. Above it towers  
 The Golden City, and between them lowers  
 A ghostly cloud, a border stream of night.  
 Deep is the vale, yet clearer there to sight  
 Shows the far City than where in fragrant bowers  
 On the hill-side dwell through the careless hours  
 The self-exalted seekers of delight.  
 And when through that dim cloud a trumpet call  
 From the dread summit shall awake the world,  
 Then shall those proud to deeper depths be hurled,  
 While in the vale the sound shall sweetly fall:  
 "Friend, go up higher;" and for each gentle soul,  
 Lo, the great gates of pearl shall backward roll.

SELF-  
 Of  
 To dra  
 And wres  
 Death on  
 From  
 A frien  
 In the gr  
 This Chr  
 So dist  
 Are sw  
 For He,  
 There ch  
 Here gua

GRIN  
 75 years  
 Geograph  
 search of  
 famous  
 appropri  
 the ship



## LIVINGSTONE.

SELF-EXILED from the cherished voice and smile  
 Of friends, long solitary years he spent,  
 To draw the curtain from a continent,  
 And wrest its utmost secret from old Nile.  
 Death only did his steadfast feet beguile  
 From Afric's shore, and to the wanderer lent  
 A friend-girt resting-place and monument,  
 In the great Abbey's glory-echoing aisle.  
 This Christian temple, and that Christless coast,  
 So distant and so diverse though they be,  
 Are sweetly one, O Livingstone, to thee:  
 For He, whose Cross thy banner was and boast,  
 There cheered thy lonely footsteps mile by mile,—  
 Here guards thy dust, and soothes thy soul the while!

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

## JOHN HOWARD'S MOTTO.

MID giant forms of wrong,  
 The dungeon's ghastly brood,  
 Rank growths of ages past,  
 Dauntless our hero stood,  
 While 'neath his steadfast gaze,  
 As through excess of light,  
 Quailed every guilty form,  
 Foul creatures of the night:  
 For on his manly breast  
 Shone forth his warrior crest—  
*Christ is my hope.*

Nor sword nor spear had he,  
 Nor shield nor coat of mail—  
 Not e'en the shepherd's sling,  
 Our foemen to assail.  
 No spot nor stain of blood  
 His pure white garments bore;  
 For not on battle-fields,  
 Sodden with human gore,  
 Shone forth his warrior crest—  
*Christ is my hope.*

No shade of selfish thought  
 Darkened the path he trod—  
 Stern duty's narrow way,  
 The rough steep road to God.  
 Strong in that hope he wrought,  
 Firm in that path he strove,  
 Till every conflict o'er,  
 In the bright realms above,  
 Forth from his manly breast  
 Burst free and unrepent—  
*Christ was my hope.*

WILLIAM GUY, F.R.S.

## Varieties.

GRINNELL.—On the 30th of June died at New York, aged 75 years, Henry Grinnell, the first president of the American Geographical Society, and originator of the first expedition in search of Franklin. One of Mr. Grinnell's whalers saved the famous ship *Resolute*, for which Congress, in 1855, voted an appropriation of 40,000 dollars to the salvors, and then returned the ship to Great Britain. The ship had been adrift for three

or four years in the Arctic seas, and was received by Queen Victoria herself on its arrival in England. Mr. Grinnell absolutely refused to accept his lawful share of the salvage. Another of Mr. Grinnell's memorable shipping adventures was that of the *Euphrates*. The *Euphrates* was built before the war of 1812, and was run up the river to New Bedford for the purpose of being scuttled, an English vessel being in pursuit. The *Euphrates*, however, lived to be burnt by the *Shenandoah* in the great war of the rebellion. Again, in 1844, Mr. Grinnell built the *Henry Clay*, which was named after his great friend and leader. The *Henry Clay* was burnt at her dock in New York a few years later. Mr. Grinnell took *Henry Clay* down to view the charred timbers, the figure-head, strange to say, being the only part of the vessel which the fire had not touched. "That is the best likeness of an ugly man I ever saw," was the only comment of the great Whig statesman. Mr. Grinnell was not only an intimate friend of *Henry Clay*, but also of Daniel Webster. These two great personal friends accompanied him once on a visit to Hell Gate, when in 1846 he was, at his own expense, blasting the famous *Pot Rock*. He reduced the surface of the rock to 10 feet below low-water mark, spending a small fortune in the operation. *Clay* and Webster were both loud in their approbation, and told Mr. Grinnell that he was manufacturing the future water-ways of New York city. Mr. Grinnell was for thirty years a member of the great whale-ship firm now known as Grinnell, Minturn, and Co.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—Among the pleasant aspects of this country, and the bits of sunshine lighting up its varied landscape, must be reckoned the work of such a body as the London Missionary Society. It is scarcely possible to think for a moment of the immense extent and wealth and power of this Empire without asking oneself how it employs an influence which must be for some purpose or other. What are we doing that we may hope may stay the execution of the sentence on the power that is found wanting? The London Missionary Society contributes what it can to the discharge of an obligation which is an essential part of Christianity. It takes the Bible and those doctrines which are confessedly on the face of it, and are the common faith of hundreds of millions, disagree as they may on other questions. It comprises within its supporters, and consequently its managers, many sects and denominations; it is bound to no Liturgy, no Hierarchy, no Orders, no Acts of Parliament, no Courts of Law, the matter of its teaching is of universal acceptance; its organisation is that which is always and everywhere applicable. It commenced its operations just after the French Revolutionists had challenged every creed, every principle, and every institution, beginning with the destruction of their own Church and Monarchy. After seventy-nine years it has an income of about £116,000; it has 155 English missionaries, who are, in fact, heads of churches, in which are many qualified native agents, acting as pastors and teachers, and continually expanding the sphere of the Society's operations. These extend over China, India, Madagascar, South Africa, the West Indies, Polynesia, and New Guinea. The Society is hopeful, for it has done a good deal, and now is the time to do more. Excepting the miserable war in Spain, all the world is at peace. The most impenetrable regions have been opened by travellers; the most jealous empires have thrown down the walls of exclusion; the most tremendous moral difficulties have given way; and there is not a race, or an empire, or a colour, or a caste that does not actually invite peaceful teaching and persuasion. No one can carry his thoughts back to the state of the world half a century ago without counting the mountains that have been cast into the sea, the impossibilities which have disappeared, and the miracles that have been effected.—*The Times*.

THE SCALIGERS.—In the paper about Verona ("Leisure Hour," p. 344) the name of Scaliger is mentioned. The word recalls to me, and probably to most readers, the two most eminent literary characters, father and son; J. C. Scaliger, known as the elder, and J. J. Scaliger, called the younger, and by far the greater prodigy of learning. They lived from 1484 to 1609, and were but of humble origin. Instead of applying the same Latin name to the princely family, would it not be better to adopt the Italian name Della Scala? They were feudal lords of Verona, and some of them figure in Dante's "Paradiso," canto xvii. They were nick-named "dogs of war," just as our own monarch's ancestors were "the wolves" [Guelph]; and one of them was called *Can grande*, i.e., "the great dog," whose name figures in a striking anecdote of Dante when, in exile, he resided as guest at the court of Count Francesco. It appears that the poet's manners were

abstracted, perhaps morose; and during such a fit of the "browns," some courtiers heaped refuse bones near him as he sat at table. Those were days of what we now call coarse manners; the meal being placed on a board supported on trestles, and what a guest could not eat was literally thrown to the dogs, who watched below. On this occasion, if such ever occurred, what the dogs rejected was piled up at the poet's feet, and when the tables were removed, there was presumptive evidence of gross gluttony against the poet, who, no doubt, lived on air, and thus furnished a standing reproach against more convivial courtiers. A general titter went round, and, amid the general chaff, the irritated poet turned off the laugh by exclaiming, "Take them to the great dog there," pointing to the Can grande, *i.e.*, Count Francesco Della Scala.—A. HALL.

**PARENTHESIS.**—An article in the "Literary Churchman," on "Reading the Lessons in Church," on the whole sensibly written, gives the following hints on the treatment of "parenthesis." Here what you want is to indicate that you have left the main line of the original sentence, and that you mean to come back to it. This you do by deserting the pitch of your ordinary reading voice. You go on your usual way right up to the parenthesis. You pause just enough to excite attention (not a bit more), you drop a little (very little), you keep as near to a monotone as the case will admit of, and then at the end of your parenthesis you go up again to the level your voice was at when the sentence was interrupted, and proceed as if nothing had happened. Some people have a very happy knack of doing this. They manage to pronounce the last vocable before the parenthesis so as to mark the note on which they leave off strongly on the listener's ear. It stays upon your ear's memory all through the parenthesis. And it is with a feeling of positive pleasure that you hear the reader resume the note (or pitch) which has still been vibrating upon your organs—as soon as he gets back again into the main line of his sentence. Similar considerations rule the mode of reading the dependent clauses which come into a long sentence, like small sentences worked into the main sentence.

**EUCALYPTUS GLOBULUS.**—The "Italie," a paper published in French at Rome, gives some particulars respecting the Australian tree, the *Eucalyptus globulus*, of which so much has been said lately. Upwards of 3,000 young trees have been planted by the municipality of Rome at San Sisto Vecchia. But, unfortunately, this tree is extremely tender when young, and cannot resist a temperature lower than 27 degrees Fahr.; so, notwithstanding the great care that has been taken in sheltering the young plants from wind and cold, the results have been hitherto unsatisfactory. As a proof that the *Eucalyptus* requires a climate where the temperature is never lower than freezing point, it may be mentioned that of all the trees planted by the Roman Railway Company along the line from Rome to Naples, only those plants in the neighbourhood of Naples have survived through the winter.

**TORONTO.**—This Toronto, with its 60,000 to 70,000 inhabitants, is given me more than any place which recognises the authority of Queen Victoria. While I read of sharp conflicts in the British Parliament on the miserable question of an extra half-hour for getting drunk after midnight, I found here, on Saturday evening last, every drink shop closed after seven o'clock, not to be reopened until six on Monday morning, and at the very hour when the dram shops were shut the savings-bank opened, and the people were crowding in to pay their deposits. All through the province of Ontario, not a drink shop, not a cigar shop—not even an ice-cream shop—is opened on Sunday. The public thoroughfares are not half as beclouded with smoke or infested with little smoking puppies as are the public walks of the "mother country." Without a State Church, places of worship abound here in every street, and they are all thronged with worshippers. There is scarcely a church or chapel in which the singing from a neighbouring house of prayer may not be heard. At 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. the place seemed to be redolent with hymns of praise, and better order in the streets I never witnessed. No wonder that in such a place great numbers of working men own their habitations.—*Mr. Cook, the Excursionist.*

**CLERKS AND MECHANICS.**—Notions of "gentility" induce too many parents to bring up their sons for professions or the Civil Service, and their daughters for a status which they are unlikely to attain. I will say only a few words to parents of the humbler classes:—Do not be allured by advertisements into seeking for your sons appointments as clerks in offices where a boy starts at once with a salary and short hours of business. Rely upon it, these tempting offers lead to poor prospects; hence

has arisen the superabundant supply of genteel clerks and the deficient supply of good mechanics. It is much to be regretted that the former practice of apprenticeship has fallen so much out of use. Better mechanics were thus formed. There is one mechanical trade with which I am especially connected, *viz.*, that of bookbinding. I regret to say that an extreme difficulty exists to obtain intelligent and willing men to do the work which is ready to be given out. More hands "with heads" are wanted in the bookbinding trade. This is a cry of distress from a bookseller whose business is injured owing to the delays and the inefficiency of the existing binders and their workmen.—*A Correspondent of Mr. Ruskin in "Fors Clavigera."*

**BOTTLED MILK.**—An enterprising milkman in America furnishes his customers with "milk in glass." In his waggon are arranged inside racks containing quart and pint bottles filled with pure fresh milk, full measure. These bottles are delivered as required, the customer returning the bottle left the day before; and no pitcher, pails, bowls, or dishes are necessary. Another advantage of this system, especially in warm weather, is that each bottle is tightly corked, and can be laid in a pail or pan of cold water, keeping it sweet and fresh, or put away in a cooler, taking up but little room.—*The Sanitary Record.*

**POPIH MIRACLES OF RECENT DATE.**—It is now thirty years since the famous apparition of the Virgin to a peasant boy and girl at a place called Sous les Baissis, in the mountains adjoining the village of La Salette. A *lit de justice* was convened on the spot to examine the evidence in favour of the miraculous appearance, and it was satisfactorily proved that the part of the Virgin was enacted by a crazy young woman called Lamerlière. A Roman Catholic father asserted before the assembled clergy of Grenoble, in the neighbourhood of La Salette, that Lamerlière had confessed to him her own identity with the supposititious Virgin. Notwithstanding this testimony, forty thousand pilgrims, rivalling the Orientals, whom they call "benighted," flocked for many years annually to the scene of the miracle, and the sale of water from a fountain said to have miraculously burst forth on the spot long averaged £12,000 a year.

**REPORTING FORTY YEARS AGO.**—Referring to the banquet at Edinburgh to Earl Grey in 1834, Henry Cockburn, in his "Personal Recollections," says:—"The 'Times' London newspaper sent down reporters of their own. They left the room at twelve o'clock at night on Monday, the 15th, and at one o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, the 19th, that newspaper reached Edinburgh by the mail with a full account of the proceedings. Post horses, Macadam roads, shorthand, and steam printing never did more. They posted up in thirty hours, so that they were in London on Wednesday morning at six o'clock. The paper was thrown off that forenoon, and left London for Edinburgh by the mail that evening." They thought this very wonderful in 1834, and so it was, but the Edinburgh people would complain if they had to wait so long for an account in the "Times" now of such a meeting.

**GHOSTS BY CHEMISTRY.**—A curious spiritualistic revelation is given by a Transatlantic scientific contemporary:—"The spirit photographs which pass current among credulous spiritualists for genuine ghosts of the departed are produced in various ways. The latest and most scientific method is as follows:—The plain background screen, before which the sitter is placed in order to have his portrait taken, is to be painted beforehand with the form of the desired 'spirit,' the paint being composed of some solution of sulphate of quinine. When this painting dries on the screen it is invisible to the eye, but it sends out rays that have power to impress the photo. plate, and thus the image of the person, together with the quinine ghost, are simultaneously developed upon the negative."

**SITTING AFTER DINNER.**—At that time the men sat longer at table after dinner than they do now; and on one occasion, at a dinner party at Sir James Mackintosh's house, when Lady Mackintosh and the ladies returned to the drawing-room, Madame de Staël, who was exceedingly impatient of women's society, would not deign to enter into conversation with any of the ladies, but walked about the room; then suddenly ringing the bell, she said, "Ceci est insupportable!" and when the servant appeared, she said, "Tell your master to come upstairs directly; they have sat long enough at their wine." Except in the families where I was intimate, the conversation of the ladies in the drawing-room, when we came up from dinner, often bored me. I disliked rants exceedingly, and should often have sent an excuse if I had known what to say. After my marriage I did not dance, for in Scotland it was thought highly indecorous for a married woman to dance.—*Autobiography of Mary Somerville.*

and the  
gretted  
much  
is one  
l, viz.,  
difficulty  
e work  
ls" are  
ss from  
ys and  
en.—4

ica fur-  
gon are  
filled  
livered  
ne day  
essary.  
eather,  
pail or  
y in a

r years  
oy and  
adjoin-  
ed on  
culous  
of the  
rrière.  
ergy of  
errière  
itions  
d pil-  
nted,"  
e, and  
burst

nquet  
n his  
news-  
om at  
t one  
paper  
pro-  
steam  
rs, so  
clock.  
n for  
very  
eople  
nt in

ation  
The  
spiri-  
d in  
is as  
sitter  
nted  
being  
this  
ut it  
and  
most,

nger  
n, at  
ady  
oom,  
men's  
with  
enly  
and  
r to  
ne."  
tion  
rom  
and  
say.  
was  
e.—



Found in  
John Bu  
The Ger  
The Pain  
The Hom  
By the  
Ripon Ca  
With the  
Old Truth  
Polyn

The follo

"  
"  
"

*Each*

1. HOW  
TH
2. NOR
3. LOST
4. LUCY
5. TALL
6. MILL  
Irel
7. SOLI  
FO
8. LIFE  
Cru
9. GRAC
10. LED
11. MAG
12. STUR
13. THE  
Nul
14. SUNS  
LIF
15. RALP
16. DEEP
17. FANN
18. RAMI
19. BOOK  
Hoi
20. FIRES
21. WAIT

RE

SIXPENCE MONTHLY; ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

# THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

## CONTENTS OF THE SEPTEMBER PART.

Found in the Far North. A Story of Iceland.

John Bunyan and the Bedford Statue. (With Illustration.)

The German Watchman. (With Engraving.)

The Painful Preacher of Banbury.

The Homes and Haunts of Martin Luther: Friends of Luther.  
By the Rev. Dr. SROUGHTON.

Ripon Cathedral. (With Coloured Frontispiece.)

With the Gipsies.

Old Truths in New Lights: Illustrations of Scripture by Native  
Polynesian Preachers. Concluded. (With Illustration.)

Notes from an Indian Orphanage.

Doubts and Fears.

The Rule of Faith.

The Southals.

Pulpit in the Family:—The Confession of St. Thomas.—The Story  
of the Gibeonites.—Quench not the Spirit.

The Invalid's Portion, and Thoughts for the Afflicted.

Sabbath Thoughts.

Pages for the Young:—Kitty's Strange Friend.

Monthly Religious Record.

## HARVEST SONGS WITH MUSIC.

The following Hymns, with appropriate *Music* to each, are printed on a sheet, in good clear type, and will be found specially  
suitable for use at Harvest Thanksgiving Services, now becoming so general:—

"THE GOD OF HARVEST PRAISE!"

"LORD OF THE HARVEST! THEE WE HAIL."

"PRAISE TO GOD, IMMORTAL PRAISE."

"WHAT THOUGH NO FLOWERS THE VIG-TREE CLOTHE."

"COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME!"

"GREAT GOD, AS SEASONS DISAPPEAR."

On a Sheet, price 1d.; 24 for 1s. 4d.; or free by post, 1s. 3d.

"Well fitted for the purpose specified."—*Musical Standard*.

## SHILLING MONTHLY VOLUMES FOR THE YOUNG.

Each Volume complete in itself, and Illustrated by Woodcuts or by Coloured Engravings. 1s. cloth; 1s. 6d. extra, gilt edges.

The large sales of these books prove the great popularity of this Library for the Young.

1. HOW LITTLE BESSIE KEPT THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR.
2. NORWEGIAN STORIES.
3. LOST CITIES BROUGHT TO LIGHT.
4. LUCY THE LIGHT-BEARER.
5. TALES OF THE NORTHERN SEAS.
6. MILLICENT'S HOME; or, Child Life in the West of Ireland.
7. SOLDIER FRITZ, AND THE ENEMIES HE FOUGHT.
8. LIFE ON DESOLATE ISLANDS; or, True Robinson Crusoes.
9. GRACE OGILVIE: a Story of Child Life in India.
10. LED ASTRAY.
11. MAGGIE'S MESSAGE.
12. STURDY JACK. By Mrs. RUTH LAMB.
13. THE STORY OF THE NILE; or, Adventures in Nubia and Abyssinia.
14. SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS IN KATTERN'S LIFE.
15. RALPH HARDING'S SUCCESS.
16. DEEPDALE END: its Joys and Sorrows.
17. FANNY THE FLOWER GIRL.
18. RAMBLES IN THE WILDS OF THE WEST.
19. BOOKSTALL BOY OF BATHERTON. By EDWIN HODDER.
20. FIRESIDE STORIES FOR WINTER EVENINGS.
21. WAITING FOR SAILING ORDERS.
22. A CITY WITHOUT WALLS: Stanley Morden's Conflicts and Victory.
23. WONDERS NEAR HOME. By the Rev. W. HOUGHTON, M.A., F.L.S.
24. FANNY'S BIBLE TEXT. By the Author of "Soldier Fritz," etc.
25. UNCLE MAX, THE SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.
26. WHAT WE SAW IN EGYPT.
27. BIRD SONGS AND BIRD PICTURES, with NATURAL HISTORY NOTES. With numerous Illustrations.
28. THE TWO FRIENDS OF FORLEY, and BESSIE'S BLUEBELLS. With Engravings.
29. HELEN'S VICTORY. By the Author of "Soldier Fritz," etc.
30. BESSIE BLEAK, AND THE LOST PURSE.
31. DICK'S STRENGTH, AND HOW HE GAINED IT.
32. THE HISTORY OF LITTLE PETER THE SHIP-BOY. By WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.
33. ALICE DEANE'S LIFE-WORK.
34. TALES OF VILLAGE SCHOOL-BOYS.
35. SKETCHES OF INSECT LIFE. By M. and E. KIRBY, authors of "Lost Cities Brought to Light," etc.
36. SAVED FROM THE WRECK. With Illustrations by ZWECKER.
37. GEORDIE'S TRYST. A Tale of Scottish Life.
38. REUBEN'S TEMPTATION. By the Author of "How Little Bessie kept the Wolf from the Door," etc.
39. HILDA; or, The Golden Age. By the Author of "Faithful, but not Famous," "Soldier Fritz," etc. *Just out.*

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 164, PICCADILLY.

MANCHESTER: 100, CORPORATION STREET. BRIGHTON: 31, WESTERN ROAD.

# PUBLICATIONS OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

**Lyrics of Ancient Palestine.** Poetical and Pictorial Illustrations of Old Testament History. With Engravings by SKELTON, STANLAND, A. DE NEUVILLE, and others, engraved by WHYMPER. 8s. handsome bevelled boards, gilt edges.

"The illustrations are admirable engravings of the highest order. As regards binding, printing, and general get-up, this beautiful book is perfect."—*Standard*.

"A pretty, interesting volume. The poems have been selected with taste and judgment, and the artists have not been behind in their part of the work."—*Spectator*.

"Some of the best book illustrators of the day have furnished drawings; the volume is made up of gems pictorial and poetical."—*Rock*.

"We expect to meet with this volume on many drawing-room tables. In type, binding, and illustrations, it is worthy to compete with books of a far higher price."—*English Independent*.

**Oxford and Cambridge: Their Colleges, Memorials, and Associations.** By the Rev. F. ARNOLD, B.A., late of Christ Church, Oxford. Profusely Illustrated by Mr. P. SKELTON, and other Artists; engraved by Mr. WHYMPER. 10s. elegantly bound, gilt edges.

"A book for an elder brother to explain to the listening home circle, or for Paterfamilias himself to trace some of the changes which have been made since his day. The illustrations are very well done."—*Graphic*.

"A luxurious book, with first-rate engravings of the principal views and buildings. The letterpress is very far from being merely perfunctory work, and is decidedly interesting."—*Standard*.

"Will be a welcome present to any old University man. There is a great scarcity of works which give us a picture of our two great Universities, and therefore one which is at the same time so attractive and so reasonable ought to insure no small measure of popular favour."—*John Bull*.

"To all who desire to possess in a handy and ornamental form a succinct and reliable account of Oxford and Cambridge, we would cordially recommend this volume. It would serve as an excellent guide-book to either University. The engravings are beautifully executed."—*Cambridge Independent Press*.

**The Companions of the Lord.** Chapters on the Lives of the Apostles. By CHARLES E. B. REED, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. 4s. cloth boards.

"Sure to be attractive to the young, and helpful to them in their study of the Sacred Scriptures."—*Literary World*.

"Done with extreme care, and with more than ordinary ability."—*Christian Family*.

"A thoroughly exhaustive work."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"To one who wishes to have the results of theological research into the lives of the Apostles, and the help which can be drawn from them in daily life, carefully put before him in rich and forcible English, and discussed in earnest spirit, this cannot fail to be a welcome gift."—*Leeds Mercury*.

**Essays by John Foster.** On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself; Decision of Character; the Application of the Epithet "Romantic"; the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion; with the Introductory Essay to Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." 8vo. 5s. cloth boards.

"A noble volume in an appropriate and presentable form. In every library in which they are not already to be found, this, the best edition of the Essays, should find a place."—*Evangelical Christendom*.

"The book is well produced, and ought to win wide favour."—*English Churchman*.

"A massive, handsome edition. There is a perennial power in Foster's Essays."—*Literary World*.

"It is with much pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to this volume. We can say that the work is well adapted to the times."—*Christian Family*.

**Random Truths in Common Things.** Occasional Papers from My Study Chair. By the Author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," etc. With numerous Illustrations by eminent Artists. Imperial 16mo. 7s. cloth elegant.

"The essays are pleasantly written, with a meditative yet cheerful spirit, lying like tempered sunshine over the whole, and a tone of religious feeling running throughout, though without formal exhortation. The book is profusely illustrated."—*Daily News*.

"They are charming papers for Sunday reading."—*British Quarterly Review*.

**Steps to the Throne of Grace.** PRAYERS AND HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG. By Mrs. BICKERSTETH-COOK. In Large Type. Royal 16mo. 2s. cloth boards.

—PRAYERS AND HYMNS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. By Mrs. BICKERSTETH-COOK. In Large Type. Royal 16mo. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

"Deserving a hearty welcome."—*Rock*.

"The prayers are almost perfect in their simplicity and devotion."—*English Independent*.

"Both books will become very general favourites."—*Baptist*.

"Will be found very helpful to Christian mothers."—*Literary World*.

**Italian Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil.**

Profusely Illustrated. Imperial 8vo. 8s. cloth elegant.

"The more we turn over the pages of this book, the more we like it. Italy is the theme of a great deal of fine writing and fine painting, but the plain descriptions and accurate drawings here really tell us more about it than a library of inspired poems and a gallery of ideal paintings."—*Times*.

"An extremely beautiful and interesting book. The varied aspects of that wonderful land, which is associated with so large a part of European history and of the art-traditions of the world, are here depicted with so artistic a touch that we see city and mountain and plain, palace and temple and ruin, and the human figures that give them life, with all the fidelity of a photograph and all the grace of a painting."—*Daily News*.

"A popular and readable account of centres of attraction in Italy, and their history. It is illustrated with attractive and excellent woodcuts."—*Athenaeum*.

**Spanish Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil.**

With Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ and other eminent Artists. Imperial 8vo. 8s. cloth elegant.

"The letterpress is pleasant reading, and many of the sketches are of the highest excellence."—*Times*.

"A volume that does credit to the writer and artists employed."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"A most exquisite book."—*Daily News*.

**Swiss Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil.**

With numerous Illustrations by WHYMPER and others. Imperial 8vo. 8s. cloth elegant.

"In this third edition there are so many additions and improvements that this very beautiful volume is still more attractive and beautiful than ever."—*Standard*.

"Its numerous wood engravings are all of great excellence: charming as pictures and admirable as an example of Art."—*Art Journal*.

**The Seven Golden Candlesticks; or, Sketches of the Seven Churches of Asia.** By the Rev. Canon TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S. With Engravings. 6s. bevelled boards, gilt edges.

"Dr. Tristram writes from the impressions and suggestions of a personal visit to the sites of the Seven Churches, and few men are more competent. It is an instructive and attractive volume."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"A book worth keeping as well as worth reading."—*Literary Churchman*.

"A beautiful book. Dr. Tristram's name is a warrant for the trustworthiness of the research."—*Guardian*.

**The Wonderful Works of Christ.** By a Clergyman's Daughter. SECOND SERIES. Foolscap 8vo. 2s. cloth boards; 2s. 6d. extra boards, gilt edges.

"Eloquence, fervour, and a noble ambition to make plain to the heedless the wondrous teaching of the works of our Lord, are the characteristic features of this good book."—*Press*.

"Very well done."—*Literary Churchman*.

"We cannot imagine a better book for a mother who wants to give her children a holy and interesting Sabbath evening's lesson."—*Sword and Trowel*.

"The book will be perused with pleasure by all readers; and it throws out many valuable suggestions from which mothers may profit in instructing their families."—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

**Selections from the Poems of Charlotte Elliott,** author of "Just as I am." With a Memoir by her Sister. Finely printed, with Portrait. Crown 8vo. 4s. cloth boards; 11s. morocco antique.

"A book to cherish, as we do not doubt many will cherish it."—*Nonconformist*.

"The poems are as 'the pure olive oil beaten for the light.' We know not how sufficiently to commend them, so exquisitely beautiful are they, and so holy are the thoughts enshrined in them."—*Christian Observer*.

"The sketch of her 'quiet life' will be welcomed as a boon by thousands, to whom the hymn 'Just as I am' is associated with so many sacred and soothing, although sometimes sorrowing memories."—*Record*.

"Miss Elliott was not only a good, but a charming and clever woman, and, withal, one of the most sensible of whom we have ever heard."—*Graphic*.

"Specimens, beautiful in themselves, of the efforts of a poetic temperament and cultivated mind consecrated to the highest objects."—*English Independent*.

**John Bunyan. An Autobiography.** With 17 Page Illustrations by E. N. DOWNARD. Engraved by E. WHYMPER. Small 4to. 6s. cloth extra, gilt edges.

"An interesting volume, beautifully printed and bound."—*Publishers' Circular*.

"An elegant, beautifully printed, and richly illustrated volume, a tribute in some degree worthy of the immortal dreamer."—*English Independent*.

"Few more interesting books than this have been published, and none better illustrated."—*Art Journal*.

**Sir Donald McLeod, C.B., K.C.S.I. A Record of Forty-two Years' Service in India.** By Major-General EDWARD LAKE, C.S.I. With Portrait. Royal 16mo. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

"This record of his life is full of interest, and we trust it will be circulated by tens of thousands."—*The Christian*.

LONDON: RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 164, PICCADILLY.  
MANCHESTER: 100, CORPORATION STREET. BRIGHTON: 31, WESTERN ROAD.





THE



# LEISURE HOUR

OCTOBER, 1874.

## Contents

- The Sale of Callowfields. 625, 641, 657, 673, 689
- Some Glimpses into the Suppressed Convents in Rome. By MARY HOWITT. I., II. . . . . 629, 651
- The Mandarin's Daughter. 634, 648, 665, 678, 702
- Fungi . . . . . 637
- The Octopus of the South Pacific . . . . . 638
- On Wit and Humour. . . 645
- Natural History Anecdotes 654
- The Land of the Giant Cities. VII. By the Rev. W. WRIGHT, Damascus. . 661
- The Comte de Chambord . 667



## Contents

- Helping the Gardener . . 681
- Oliver Goldsmith's Journey to Kentish Town . . . 682
- The Kinder Garten . . . 685
- Oak-Galls and their Occupants . . . . . 687
- Puns and Punning. By JOHN TIMES . . . . . 693
- The New World and the Old: American Illustrations of European Antiquities. By Principal DAWSON, LL.D. 696
- Professor Tyndall . . . 677
- Sonnets of the Sacred Year. By Rev. S. J. STONE, M.A. 629, 655, 664, 688, 703
- Poetry . . . . . 639, 696
- Varieties . . 640, 656, 671, 703

ALMANACK FOR OCTOBER, 1874.											
1	T	Camb. Mic. Tm. beg.	9	F	(Oxf. Mich. Tm. b.	17	S	19 rises 6.29 A.M.	25	S	21 S. AFT. TRIN. )
2	F	Last Qu. 1.38 P.M.	10	S	New J. Eclipse of ☉	18	S	20 S.A.F. TRIN. ) 1Q.	26	M	[full and eclipsed.
3	S	☉ rises 6.6 A.M.	11	S	19 SUN. AFT. TRIN.	19	M	Saturn near ♄	27	T	☉ rises 6.47 A.M.
4	S	18 SUN. AFT. TRIN.	12	M	☉ rises 6.21 A.M.	20	T	Daybreak 4.40 A.M.	28	W	☉ sets 4.51 P.M.
5	M	☉ sets 5.22 P.M.	13	T	Twil. ends 7.2 P.M.	21	W	Pegasus S. 9 P.M.	29	T	Aries S. 11 P.M.
6	T	Divs. payable at Bk.	14	W	Fire Insurance exp.	22	T	☉ sets 4.51 P.M.	30	F	Lgh of day 9h. 43m.
7	W	Saturn S. 7.36 P.M.	15	T	Aquila S. 6 P.M.	23	F	☉ enters Scorpio	31	S	☉ sets 4.54 P.M.
8	T	☉ sets 5.22 P.M.	16	F	☉ sets 5.4 P.M.	24	S	☉ least dist. from ☿			

LONDON:  
56, Paternoster Row, and 164, Piccadilly.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

**To Correspondents and Contributors.**—All manuscripts must have the name and address of the sender clearly written thereon, and in any accompanying letter the title of the MS. must be given. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Writers are recommended to keep copies of their MSS.; miscellaneous contributions being sent in too great numbers to be always acknowledged or returned.

**Payment and Copyright.**—Payment for accepted manuscripts is made on publication. The receipt conveys the copyright of manuscripts to the Trustees of the Tract Society, with liberty for them, at their discretion, to publish such works separately. Republication by authors on their own account must be the subject of special arrangement.

**Advertisements.**—Complaints having been made of the insertion of advertising bills in the "Leisure Hour," the public are informed that all such bills have been inserted without authority, no advertisements being received for the Society's periodicals.

**Portfolios and Cases for Numbers and Volumes.**—For the preservation of the weekly numbers, portfolios, provided with 52 cords, are supplied at 1s. 2d. each. Also patent boxes for holding a year's parts or numbers, at 3s. 6d. each. CLOTH CASES, for binding the Volume at the end of the year, price 1s. 2d. cloth boards, 1s. 6d. cloth extra.

**Withdrawal of Early Numbers.**—The "Leisure Hour" can be obtained in Numbers or Volumes from 1868, but in Volumes only from 1862 to 1873 inclusive. The earlier Numbers are out of print.

**Correspondents requiring Single Parts or Numbers** are requested to order, whenever practicable, through the local booksellers or newsagents.

### FOREIGN POSTAGE.

The Monthly Parts of the "Leisure Hour" can now be forwarded abroad only by Book Post.  
The following are the rates to some of the principal countries:—

Name of Place.	For the single Part.	Leisure Hour and Sunday at Home together.	Name of Place.	For the single Part.	Leisure Hour and Sunday at Home together.
<i>Africa, West Coast of</i> . . . . .	6d. a	9d. a	<i>India (via Southampton)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.
<i>Australia (via Southampton &amp; Suez)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>Italy</i> . . . . .	10d.	1s. 3d.
<i>Austria (via Ostend or Calais)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>Japan (via Southampton or United States)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.
<i>Belgium (direct mail)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.	<i>Madagascar (French packet)</i> . . . . .	1s.	1s. 6d.
<i>Beyrout (via Marseilles)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>Madeira (direct packet or Lisbon)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Brazils (via Southampton or Liverpool)</i> . . . . .	6d. a	9d. a	<i>Malta (via Southampton)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Buenos Ayres (via Southn. or Liverpool)</i> . . . . .	6d. a	9d. a	<i>Mexico (via Southampton)</i> . . . . .	6d. a	9d. a
<i>Canada (Canadian packet)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.	<i>Natal</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Cape Coast Castle</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.	<i>New Brunswick (via Halifax)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Cape of Good Hope</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.	<i>Newfoundland</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Ceylon (via Southampton)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>New Zealand (via Southn. &amp; San Francisco)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.
<i>China (via Southampton or United States)</i> . . . . .	6d.	1s.	<i>Nova Scotia (via Halifax)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Constantinople (via Marseilles)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>Sierra Leone</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Egypt (via Southampton)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>Spain (via France)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.
<i>France and Algeria</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.	<i>St. Helena</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Gold Coast (British)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.	<i>Suez (via Southampton)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Germany (via Ostend or Calais)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>Sweden (via France)</i> . . . . .	6d. a	9d. a
<i>Gibraltar (via Southampton)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.	<i>Switzerland (via Belgium)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Greece</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>Tasmania (via Southampton &amp; Suez)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.
<i>Holland (via France or Belgium)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>United States</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.
<i>Hong Kong (via Southampton or U. States)</i> . . . . .	8d.	1s.	<i>West Indies (British)</i> . . . . .	6d.	9d.

a signifies additional to pay on delivery.

The rates of postage to any part not mentioned in this list can be ascertained by application at a Post-office. Orders for the transmission abroad of the "Leisure Hour" direct from the Office, should be addressed to the Publisher, and accompanied by prepayment for both magazine and postage. The Home Postage of each Part is now THREE HALFPENCE.

## BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR OF "JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER."

ALL ILLUSTRATED.

These popular books have been translated into many languages. "Jessica's First Prayer" is, by order of the Minister of Public Instruction in Russia, placed in all the libraries of the Public Primary Schools throughout the Empire.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><b>1. BEDE'S CHARITY.</b><br/>With Engravings by EDWARD WHYMPER. Crown 8vo.<br/>4s. extra cloth.</p> <p><b>2. MAX KROMER:</b><br/>A Story of the Siege of Strasbourg. Royal 16mo.<br/>1s. 6d. cloth; 2s. extra cloth.</p> <p><b>3. LITTLE MEG'S CHILDREN.</b><br/>Royal 16mo. 1s. 6d. cloth; 2s. extra cloth.</p> <p><b>4. ALONE IN LONDON.</b><br/>With Engravings. Royal 16mo. 1s. 6d. cloth; 2s. extra cloth.</p> <p><b>5. JESSICA'S FIRST PRAYER.</b><br/>Royal 16mo. 1s. cloth; 1s. 6d. extra cloth.</p> | <p><b>6. PILGRIM STREET:</b><br/>A Story of Manchester Life. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. cloth;<br/>2s. 6d. extra cloth.</p> <p><b>7. FERN'S HOLLOW.</b><br/>Fcap. 8vo. 2s. cloth; 2s. 6d. extra cloth.</p> <p><b>8. ENOCH RODEN'S TRAINING.</b><br/>Fcap. 8vo. 2s. cloth; 2s. 6d. extra cloth.</p> <p><b>9. THE FISHERS OF DERBY HAVEN.</b><br/>Fcap. 8vo. 2s. cloth; 2s. 6d. extra cloth.</p> <p><b>10. THE CHILDREN OF CLOVERLEY.</b><br/>Fcap. 8vo. 2s. cloth; 2s. 6d. extra cloth.</p> |
|--|--|

**THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,**

56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 164, PICCADILLY. MANCHESTER: 100, CORPORATION STREET.  
BRIGHTON: 31, WESTERN ROAD.

written  
ununi-  
mbers

copy-  
works

lie are  
dicals.  
vided  
CLOTH

out in  
h the

re Hour  
unday  
ome  
ther,  
.  
3d.  
.  
6d.  
d.  
d.  
d.  
d.s  
d.  
d.  
d.  
d.  
s.  
d.  
s.  
l.  
i.  
d.s  
d.  
s.  
l.  
d.

ers for  
, and  
W.

Public

cloth ;

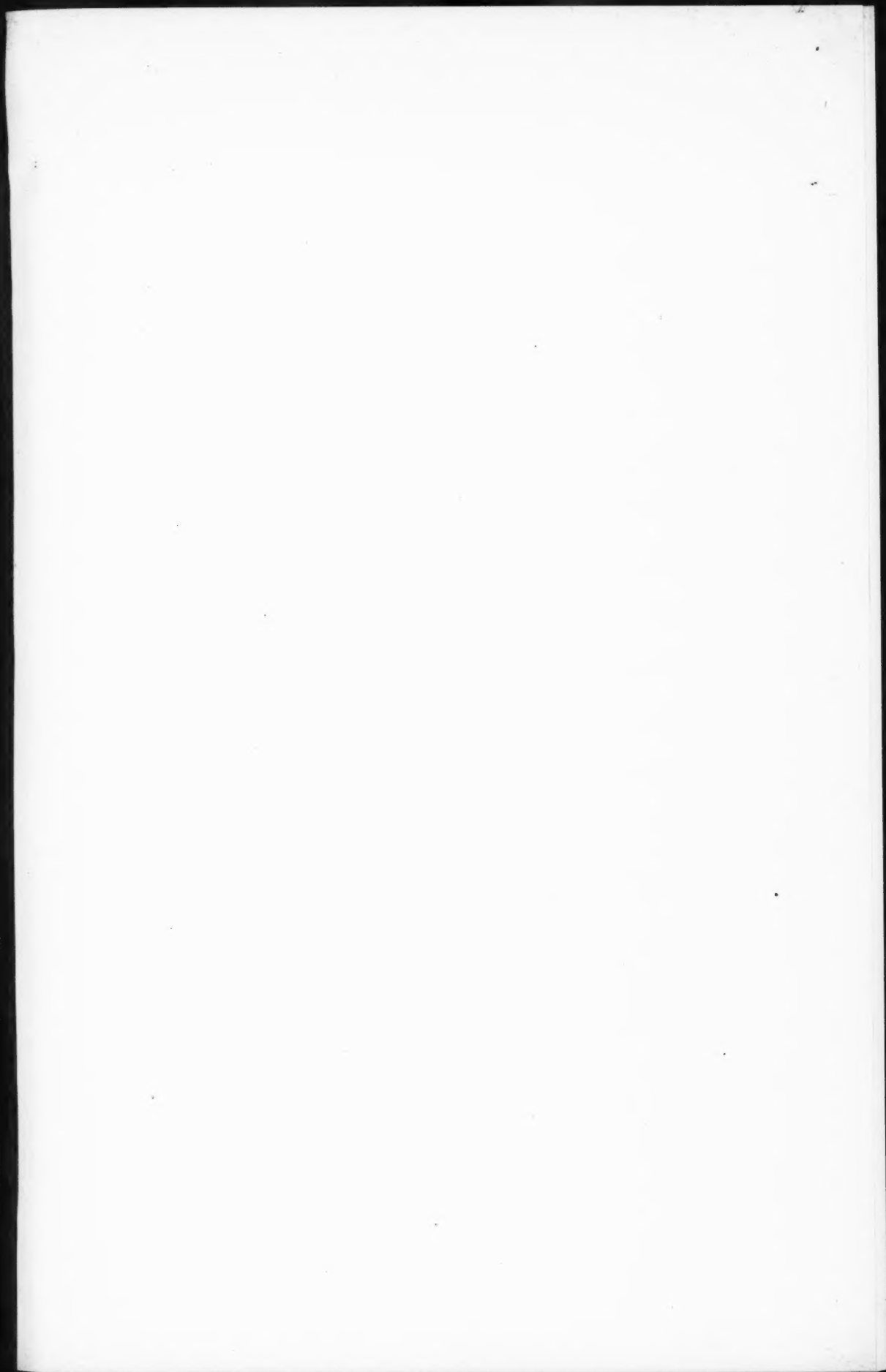
EN.

EY.

T.









THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.



M. GAMBETTA.



MARSHAL MACMAHON.



THE COMTE DE PARIS.



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

FRENCH NOTABLES.

THA  
H  
read F  
said "  
had be  
same v  
No.